THE CHICAGO CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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IRISH DAY IN DIXIE.

Splendid Pageant at Nashville, Tenn., on Tuesday, Sept. 21st, which was Set Apart for Celebration by the Patriotic Irish-Americans of the Union, and, More Particularly, of the Southern States.

Procession, Military and Civic, Through the Historic Streets of Tennessee's Handsome Capital City—The Governor and His Staff in the Parade—Brilliant Display of Floats and Characters.

Exercises at the Auditorium on the Exposition Grounds—Two Governors on the Platform—Speeches by Chairman Wrenne, Gov. Taylor, Ex-Senator Walsh, Ex-Congressman Finerty and the Rev. Dr. Pepper.

A Highly Successful and Gratifying Event.

(*Nashville American, Sept. 22.*)

FORMATION OF PAGEANT.

The procession was scheduled to start at 9 o'clock, forming at 8. The start, however, was not made until 10:05 o'clock. Conterno's band was the first organization to appear upon the scene, and during the hours of waiting the musicians played occasionally. As the time advanced other bands came, at the head of some unorganized division, and just previous to the start, there was music in abundance.

Among the early arrivals were Gov. Taylor, and several members of his staff in uniform and on horseback. This was the first appearance of the Chief Executive in the role of a cavalryman, but his performance was quite in keep with his other efforts to make the day a success. He rode with the ease and grace of a cavalry colonel, bowing his thanks for the enthusiastic greetings along the line of march.

The procession started with a burst of music along the entire line as each division took its place in the column.

At the head rode Chief of Police J. Hadley Clack. He was followed by Lieut. McGovern and Sergt. Reed, who led a dozen mounted policemen. Grand Marshal J. M. Coyle came next, with his Adjutant-General, R. G. Collins, and his Chief of Staff, Lieut. Sam Seay, Jr., riding one on either hand. The grand marshal wore a white sash and a green rosette. The other two wore green sashes and red, white and blue and green rosettes.

The chief marshal's aides were Christopher Powers, Prof. J. L. Driscol, Richard Glennon, Thomas J. Mooney, James Carney Thomas Morgan, Jere Mulvihill, P. J. Hanifin, John Connor, Frank Fitzwilliams, John Martin, Jas. Fitzgerald, James Hayes, R. D. Mulloy, P. Cleary, Jr., T. Abbott, M. J. Laffey, and James Sullivan. They wore green sashes and red, white and blue rosettes. All wore black Alpine hats, and were mounted on spirited horses. They followed immediately behind.

FIRST DIVISION.

Conterno's band of fifty musicians came next in order, preceding Marshal William P. McGinnis and his two aides, James McCabe and Chas. P. Hogan. The marshal was attired as all other officials of the same rank, in a red, white and blue sash and a green rosette. His aides wore green sashes and red, white and blue rosettes.

There was a very large escort from the First Tennessee regiment that came next in order, under the command of Col. W. C. Smith. Col. Smith rode in the lead, followed by several of his staff, Lieut. W. A. Alexander, Capt. Richard Barr and others. The companies were arranged as follows:

Company F, Capt. B. B. Gillespie, of Gallatin; Company B, Capt. W. J. Whitthorne, of Columbia; Company E, Capt. James F. Hager, of Nashville; Company G, Capt. J. H. Slayden, of Waverly, and Company H, Capt. Gaston O'Bryan, of Clarksville. The rear of the Tennessee troop was brought up by a large detachment from Battery A, under the command of Capt. Thomas Cummins. There were two cannon, two Gatling guns and two caisons, the wheels of which were hidden beneath white and green bunting. From the hands of the gunners waved small Irish flags.

The Clan-na-Gael Guards, of Chicago, commanded by Major J. J. Reilly, were next in order. He wore the gray trappings of his men, with the green stripes and bright plumes in his helmet. Beside him rode his staff, composed of Lieut. H. B. Ryan, Capt. E. Hogan, Capt. D. P. Russell and Rev. D. J. Crimmins. Following the Chicago Irishmen came the two companies of Confederate veterans. Company B, commanded by Capt. M. S. Cockrill, was in the lead, with Justice J. B. Talbot, carrying a large United States flag. They marched to the tune of a small drum corps, and following them were Troop A, under Lieut. W. T. Hardison.

There were in all about 800 soldiers in line, including the battery. They were the main part of the formation of the first division, and made a good showing. The Clan-na-Gael Guards were received in a very cordial manner and were applauded equally as much as the Tennessee lads. They wore their dress uniforms, the color of which was gray. It may have been that this was one reason that they made so many friends. They drilled well and assisted in no small way in the success of the parade. The ex-Confederates received their share of the applause from the crowd upon the pavements, as they always do.

Following the military display came Gov. Taylor and his staff. Those of the staff who accompanied the governor were Adjt.-Gen. Charles Sykes, V. L. Kirkman, E. G. Currey, P. A. Hawkins, Harvey Hannah, John L. Brandon, Jesse H. Thomas, M. B. Norfleet and J. D. Talley.

During the march the governor was conspicuous at the head of his escort, and he bowed frequent acknowledgments to his friends on the outside. There was not the least sign of a aurora borealis upon the horizon. It was all "Hurrah for Bob!"

Separating the first and second divisions was the First Regiment Band, the musicians of which played "Dixie" again and again, and always with the same rousing result.

SECOND DIVISION.

At the head of the second division came Marshal T. J. Slowey and his two aides, Will Ratterman and Joseph L. Connor. This was the division in which the guests of the association and the officers appeared, riding in carriages.

In the first carriage rode ex-Senator and Mrs. Patrick Walsh, of Georgia, T. W. Wrenne, President of the Centennial Irish-American Association, and M. J. Condon, Chairman of the Reception Committee.

The second vehicle bore Rev. G. W. Pepper, of Cleveland, Ohio; C. T. Wright, W. J. Taylor and William Simmons.

Hon. J. F. Finerty, of Chicago; N. Breen, Bernard McCabe and M. M. Trecy occupied the third carriage.

In the fourth carriage were prominent Irish-Americans of Memphis, Patrick Boyle, J. J. Shea, James Reilly and P. J. McNally.

Very Rev. P. J. Gleeson and Rev. P. Flanagan, of St. Joseph's church, occupied the fifth vehicle.

Martin Kelley, Wm. Fitzgerald and Dr. Reilly, of Memphis; Pat Fisher and Squire Walsh drove in a surrey in the sixth place.

In the next carriage were Hons. Benton McMillin, J. W. Gaines, Wm. S. Morgan and William Gerst. Their trap was followed by one containing E. B. Martin, Walter Cain, George Fry and M. E. Barden.

In the ninth carriage were R. H. Yancey, Charles E. Currey, P. W. McGuire, president of the Shelby County Order of Hibernians; Morgan J. Kelly and Edward Fisher.

W. T. Smith, James T. Hardison, J. P. Hines, W. H. Embusch and George Barrett occupied a smart trap next in order.

In a carriage drawn by two white horses and profusely decorated in smilax, roses and white satin ribbon were Mrs. J. M. Coyle and Mrs. J. P. Connor. Their vehicle was the object of many complimentary remarks, as was the carriage in which Jesse Coughlin, Mrs. J. R. Collins, Miss Maggie Connor and Miss Nellie Coughlin rode. Their draperies were snow-on-the-mountain, green and white bunting and green vines.

In the next carriage rode Mrs. Nellie Hayes, Mrs. William J. Varley, Mrs. G. W. Carlin and Miss Mary Brown.

Miss S. Taylor, of New Orleans; Miss Mary Flaherty, Miss Jennie McKinley and Miss Angie Carlin adorned a trap which was decorated in the prevailing colors. Their white parasols, too, were trimmed with streamers of green.

Among the others who rode in the parade in carriages were Mrs. Jane Lyces, Mrs. William Campbell, Mrs. J. J. Shea, Mrs. P. H. Phelan, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Nenon and family, Miss Flaherty, Mrs. A. Fitzgibbons, Mrs. McCall, of Memphis; Mrs. J. J. Mason, of Memphis; Miss Cochran, of Memphis; Mrs. John Fisher, of Memphis; Miss Kinney, Miss Kate Fahey, Miss Maggie Fahey, M. O'Callahan, Miss O'Callahan, Miss Brady, M. Keady, Father Henry, James Mogan, Col. J. W. Lawless, Father Valentine, P. J. Gleason, Frank Turner and James Killeles, President Hibernian Society, Nashville.

Following the long line of carriages came Baxter's Band, and after the musicians were the Hibernian Knights of Louisville, commanded by Capt. P. J. Breene and Lieuts. William Lawler and Thomas Keenan. There were twenty-three in all, attired in glittering paraphernalia.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians of Nashville, and other places, brought up the rear in the division. There were several hundred of the Hibernians on foot, carrying umbrellas, red, white or blue. The paraders were so arranged that there was a long line of red to one side, one of blue on the other, and one of white in the middle. At the head of the Hibernians were Michael McCormick, President of the Nashville Society, and Michael Martin, President of the State organization.

THIRD DIVISION.

This division was unquestionably the most attractive of the entire parade, and no one will object to the statement being made for it was composed of emblematic floats filled with beautiful young girls.

Marshal Johnson and his aides were followed by Warren's Band, of Evansville, and the excellent music it made added no little to the enthusiasm awakened by this division.

Immediately behind the band came a gorgeous float representing the Goddess of Liberty. The float, which was immense, was lavishly decorated in white bunting and the national colors. It represented the Goddess seated upon a white throne, surmounted by neophytes on pedestals. Miss Lillie Irwin was a most charming Goddess, and attracted much attention. She and her maids of honor, the Misses Winifred Mattimore, Fannie Muldoon, Agnes Broderick and Reita Consadine, were attired in white gowns.

The next float was a gorgeous affair, decorated with the national flag of Ireland, evergreens and flowers, the fairest of which were the living ones that represented Old Erin. All of the young ladies on this float were from Memphis, the Bluff City ladies being given the honor of representing the beloved Emerald Isle. Miss Margaret Quinlin was the Maid of Erin. She was seated on a lavishly-decorated dais surrounded by her maids of honor. They were Misses Annie Doyle, Margaret Coyne and Nora Kelley. They were chaperoned by Mrs. Lucy McCall, the well-known vice-president of the Irish-American Association of Memphis; Mrs. J. J. Mason and Mrs. John Shea. The ladies on this float wore white gowns. They had no covering on their heads, but protected themselves from the sun with white parasols decorated with green streamers.

Tennessee, the Volunteer State, was symbolized by the next float, and the old State should be proud of the way it was represented. Miss Mary C. Johnson, of Nashville, was "Tennessee." She was seated on a dais. At her side was Miss Minnie Roach, who represented North Carolina, the mother of the Volunteer State, while grouped about the throne were the twelve young ladies representing the rest of the original thirteen States of the Union. They were Misses Annie Nicholson, Maine; Lillie Bonie, New Hampshire; Nellie Kelley, Delaware; Maggie Carr, Rhode Island; Nonie Diveney, Maryland; Agnes Fox, Connecticut; Margaret Bohan, Virginia; Ella Irwin, New York; Lizzie Cusic, Pennsylvania; Annie Lyman, South Carolina; Katie Carr, Georgia, and Nellie Evans, Massachusetts. The floats were followed by gaily decorated tally-hos containing young ladies representing the States of the Union. They were as follows: Alabama, Della Lally; Arkansas, Maggie Hamilton; Arizona, Nannie Gallagher; California, Nannie Silk; Colorado, Annie Garvey; Florida, Kate Welsh; Illinois, E. E. Braddie; Idaho, Lena O'Shea; Iowa, Susie Blakely; Kentucky, Agnes Bohan; Kansas, Mrs. Will Fahey; Louisiana, Grace Taylor; Mississippi, Mary Coyle; Minnesota, Mamie Fitzgerald; Montana, Annie Larkin; Missouri, Agnes Walsh; Nebraska, Lizzie Murphy; Nevada, Della Mabry; New Jersey, Christine Bremmer; New Mexico, Mary Sullivan; North Dakota, Mollie Lynch; Oklahoma, Bina O'Donnell; Oregon, Nellie Nicholson; South Dakota, Julia Sullivan; Texas, Annie Welsh; Utah, Laura Harrington; Washington, Mamie Olliver; West Virginia, Nora Glennon; Wyoming, Amelia Chaney; Vermont, Mamie Doyle.

The counties of Ireland, represented by young ladies in tally-hos, followed, and the eyes of many an old fellow watching the parade grew dim as he remembered the scenes of his boyhood he would never see again, as the vehicles with their bright-faced cargoes of girls, gay with green ribbons and many Irish flags passed him by. The counties were represented as follows: Armagh, Kate Glennon; Antrim, Annie Glennon; Cork, Nora McCarthy; Cavan, Aline Timothy; Carlow, Mamie Carney; Dublin, Kate Kean; Down, Angie Carlin; Donegal, Jennie McKinley; Galway, Maggie Malloy; Fermanagh, Josie McCabe; Kerry, Mary Hallisey; Kings, Agnes Sanders; Kildare, Della Newell; Kilkenny, Maggie McKee; Londonderry, Louise McCormick; Leitrim, Josie Mahoney; Limerick, Katie Fox; Longford, Nellie Hanifin; Louth, Minnie McDonald; Mayo, Kate R. Quinn; Meath, Lizzie Stevenson; Monaghan, Susie Hagan; Queens, Mary Morgan; Roscommon, Delia Mattimore; Sligo, Mary Flaherty; Tyrone, Nellie Broderick; Tipperary, Clara Mullens; Westmeath, Lizzie Brown; Wexford, Lizzie Murphy; Wicklow, Mollie Morgan; Clare, Alice Ryan.

One of the most notable features of this division was the guard of honor which acted as escort to the ladies. It was composed of 100 young men, uniformed in gray hats and with bands of green ribbon and blue and white sashes and rosettes. They were mounted on fine horses and were the recipients of a great deal of attention. This company was commanded by Capt. Thomas J. Clunan. The lieutenants were Alvin Graham and F. J. McDonald.

FOURTH DIVISION.

Owing to some misunderstanding of orders, or a dislike on the part of the visitors to indulge in a long march, many of the sections that were to have formed the Fourth Division did not show up, but, nevertheless, Marshal Harry Grimes and his aides, Patrick Cleary, Sr., and M. J. O'Sullivan, had a command to be proud of. The division was headed by the Memphis Knights of Innisfail, one of the finest-looking set of men ever seen here. They are all big, handsome men, and their uniform of dark blue with green facings, helmets with white and green plumes and straight swords, was most tasteful. The company is perfectly drilled, and their manœuvres were perfect. The Knights are commanded by Capt. J. S. Ryan and Lieuts. P. J. Kelley and R. E. Lee. They brought their own band with them, the Neeley Zouave band of Memphis. The Knights were followed by several hundred members of the Clarksville delegation, who "wore" red, white and blue umbrellas. They were commanded by Capt. P. Moran, and were headed by the Clarksville Military band.

FIFTH DIVISION.

This division was also a small one, but it was unique in many respects. It was commanded by Marshal T. V. Daly. His aides were J. F. Doyle and H. J. McSweeney. After the band which headed the division came a regiment of citizens on foot, about 800 strong, and they all carried either a red, white or blue umbrella. After them came a body of mounted men that made some think Buffalo Bill had come to town. It was not Mr. Cody, however, but Davy Crockett and a band of Texas rangers. Dave Fitzgerald took the part of the hero of the Alamo, and was realistic looking in his coonskin cap and buckskin suit. His attendants were dressed in regulation frontier garb.

Then came a float that commanded no little attention. It represented "Old Hickory," mounted. Michael Sullivan, who looks not unlike the great statesman, represented him. He was dressed in the uniform of a general of the army, and was mounted on a life-sized papier-mache horse. He attracted a great deal of attention.

Then came a large float which represented a ship of war, with fierce looking guns peeping from frowning portholes. In this was a party of jolly Jack Tars, quid in cheek, in the midst of whom was Commodore Jack Barry, the father of the American Navy. He was none other than Michael Martin.

The parade was closed by 100 or more vehicles filled with prominent Irish-American citizens.

LINE OF MARCH.

The line of march that the parade took was not according to the law established by custom. The route was more circuitous than usual, probably because the Irish-Americans appreciated the fact that they had a good procession and desired to give as many people as possible a good opportunity to see it.

The head of the column rested on the corner of Front and Broad streets, and the march was west from that point to the corner of Broad and Vine streets, where a counter movement was made. The parade marched up Market street to the Public Square. Circling the court-house, it passed into Deaderick street and through that thoroughfare to Summer. At the corner of Summer and Union the procession turned into the latter street and went east to Cherry. The route then was south on Cherry street to Church, west to Spruce, south to Broad and then west to the Centennial grounds.

One hour and a-half was consumed in the parade.

When the corner of West End and Douglas avenues was reached the paraders, who were on foot, fell out of line and took the street cars for the Exposition grounds. Those in carriages or on horseback continued their progress, arriving at 11:30 o'clock.

The gates of the Centennial were thrown open and the Irish-Americans paraded up the avenue to the Auditorium. Those in carriages alighted and entered the building to participate in the exercises there. The military contingent, with arms at ease, marched to the encampment and took a long rest.

AT THE AUDITORIUM.

On reaching the Centennial grounds 5,000 people assembled in the Auditorium to listen to the orators.

On the stage were Gov. Taylor and staff, Gov. Wolcott of Massachusetts, and staff, Senator Bate, Congressmen McMillin, Carmack and Gaines, Secretary of State Morgan, Senator Walsh, John F. Finerty, Vicar-General Gleeson, Father T. C. Abbott and a number of other priests and invited guests, and a strong Memphis delegation, headed by Hon. Morgan J. Kelly.

Fischer's orchestra played popular Irish airs, and "Dixie," "Columbia" and national anthems.

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

Thomas W. Wrenne, president of the Irish-American Centennial Association, presided and delivered the opening address, which clearly and ably reviewed the achievements of Irish exiles and their descendants in America. He spoke at length of the history of such Irish-Americans as Robert Fulton, the inventor of the steamboat; Christopher Colles, influential in building canals; Matthew Carey, the founder of the Pennsylvania Herald; Charles Carroll, signer of the Declaration of Independence; Gen. Richard Montgomery, Gen. Pickens, Marion's comrade; Gen. John Sullivan, John Barry, father of the American navy; Thomas Macdonough, Charles Stewart, grandfather of Charles Stewart Parnell; David Ramsey, John C. Calhoun, James Buchanan, David Crockett, Andrew Jackson, James K. Polk, Gen. Samuel Houston, Pat Cleburne, Phil Sheridan, John Boyle O'Reilly, Thomas Francis Meagher and Father Ryan.

The address was evidently prepared with great care and well bespoke the scholarly ability of its clever author.

GOV. TAYLOR'S ADDRESS.

Gov. Taylor was next called upon by President Wrenne, and when the popular executive arose he was greeted with such rousing and long-continued cheers as seldom greet any public official. It plainly showed how "Gov. Bob" stands with Irish Americans. The writer has heard our eloquent governor speak on many occasions, but is free to say that he never acquitted himself in a more brilliant manner than on this occasion when he bade welcome to Nashville the exiled children of Erin. His heart was in his subject, for he truly said that Celtic blood coursed in his veins, and never did an orator carry his audience with him and hold it spellbound to a greater extent than did Gov. Taylor on this occasion. His matchless powers of oratory took full away and he thrilled the hearts of his hearers until deafening applause re-echoed from the ceiling and again poured forth in long-continued cheers. The stately governor of Massachusetts and his distinguished staff were foremost in leading the applause so grandly won by our popular and brilliant chief executive. Tennessee has many distinguished orators, but Gov. Taylor is first and foremost by long odds, and it is questionable if in all the country from Maine to California his equal can be found.

When silence prevailed, after the first outburst of applause, the governor said:

If I were a sculptor, I would chisel from the marble my ideal of a hero. I would make it the figure of an Irishman, sacrificing his hopes and his life on the altar of his country, and I would carve on its pedestal the name of Emmet.

If I were a painter, I would make the canvas eloquent with the deeds of the bravest people who ever lived, whose proud spirit no power can ever conquer, and whose loyalty and devotion to the hope of free government no tyrant can ever crush. And I would write under the picture, Ireland.

If I were a poet, I would melt the world to tears with the pathos of my song. I would touch the heart of humanity with the mournful melody of Ireland's wrongs and Erin's woes. I would weave the shamrock and the rose into garlands of glory for the Emerald Isle, the land of martyrs and memories, the cradle of heroes, the nursery of liberty.

Tortured in dungeons and murdered on scaffolds, robbed of the fruits of their sweat and toil, scourged by famine and plundered by the avarice of heartless power; driven like the leaves of autumn before the keen winter winds, this sturdy race of Ireland's sons and daughters have been scattered over the face of the earth, homeless only in the land of their nativity, but princes and lords in every other land where merit is the measure of the man.

Where is the battlefield that has not been glorified by Irish courage and baptized with Irish blood? And where is the free country whose councils have not been strengthened by Irish brains, and whose wealth has not been increased by Irish brawn?

Wherever the flag of war flutters the spirit of Irish chivalry is there, panting for the battle and eager for the charge. Whether it be Wellington leading the allied armies at Waterloo, or Clarke following the eagles of France; whether it be Sam Houston crushing the armies of Santa Anna at San Jacinto, or Davy Crockett courting death at the Alamo, whether it be Andrew Jackson at New Orleans, or Stonewall Jackson at Chancellorsville; whether it be Phil Sheridan in the saddle riding like a god of war in the thickest of the fight, or Pat Cleburne leading the forlorn hope and dying at the cannon's mouth on the breastworks of the foe, it is the same intrepid, unconquerable spirit of sublime courage which flows like a stream of inspiration from the heart of Old Ireland to fire the souls of the world's greatest leaders, and to burn forever on the altars of liberty. (Great applause.)

Wherever the banner of peace is unfurled over the progressive English-speaking nations of the earth, this same irresistible Celtic blood has ever been present, shaping the destinies of empires and republics.

It warmed the heart of Edmund Burke, whose brain was a mighty loom which wove tapestries of glory for England and for mankind. It inspired the souls of Swift and Sheridan, whose dreams will linger in English literature forever, like the fragrance of roses that are faded and gone. It lighted up the brain of Oliver Goldsmith, who broke out in song sweeter than the song of the nightingale. It kindled the soul of Tom Moore into flame, and like an angel of light from the realms of dreams, he swept the burning strings of Erin's harp, and lo the whole world thrilled with its melody. The body of Tom Moore was dust long ago, but his spirit lives in his songs, and breathes more hope in every Irish heart and happiness in every Irish home.

If I were asked why our Southern people are so impulsive, I would answer it is not so much the effect of climate as it is the predominance of Irish blood in our veins. It was this that fired the Irish heart of Patrick Henry to preach secession from English wrath, and the power of English arms.

It was this that nerved our Irish-American president, James K. Polk, to have Mexico thrashed before breakfast. It was this that woke the lion in the Irish bosom of John C. Calhoun, and impelled him to thunder the doctrine of State's rights under the Constitution, and it was this which finally put the North on the pension list and the South on crutches. (Great laughter and cheers.)

An Irishman was once shipwrecked at sea and floated on a broken spar to the shore of a strange island. He dragged himself, half dead, from the water, and confronted one of the natives. "And have you a government here?" he asked. "Yes, sir," replied the native. "Well, then, I'm agin it." The Irish impulse is first the achievement of liberty, and next the determination to accomplish, at all hazards, whatever he undertakes to do.

Ladies and gentlemen, my Irish impulse is about to plunge me into a digression. The delightful task assigned to me is to give welcome, in the name of the Commonwealth of Tennessee, to this splendid gathering of Irish-Americans. I am especially pleased to perform this task, because Irish blood runs in my veins. My grandmother was an Irish woman, and spoke Gaelic. I am proud of the opportunity to give you welcome, because I am proud of my Irish blood, but I am prouder still that we are all American citizens. For under the ample folds of our flag, the accident of birth is neither the passport to power nor a bar to the highest positions of trust and honor.

Lincoln began life as a rail-splitter, Grant as an humble tanner, Andrew Johnson as an apprentice to a tailor and Garfield as a mule-driver on a towpath in Ohio. But these children of poverty all rose to the presidency of the republic. I have heard it said that such men as these were self-made, but it is not true. God Almighty made them and gave them their glorious opportunities in this land of democracy and liberty. There is only one self-made man in this Union of whom I have knowledge, and that Dr. Mary Walker, and she is Irish, too. (Great laughter.)

I trust my Irish-American friends will pardon me for leaving out of this short address the long list of Irish names whose noble deeds have illuminated all the pages of American history. It is enough to say that without our Irish names the sky of our national glory would lose half its stars. And yet how can I give you a complete welcome without giving utterance in the same breath to the names of Grady and Father Ryan. Grady, the impassioned Southern orator, whose eloquence calmed the spirit of sectional hate, and wooed the nation into the fond embrace of fraternal love and peace. Grady, who, like the morning star, blazed for a moment on the horizon and was then lost forever from mortal eyes, in the light of God's eternal day. Father Ryan, our own Irish hero and poet-priest, whose mournful melodies of despairing love for the cause that was lost and the flag that was furled forever, still melts the hearts of the old grizzly veterans of the South to the tenderness of childhood. Father Ryan, the Tom Moore of Dixie, whose spirit shall keep watch over the folded stars and bars until the morning of the resurrection. Ladies and gentlemen, again I give you welcome, thrice welcome. (Great applause.)

SENATOR WALSH.

Ex-United States Senator Walsh, editor and propretor of the Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle was the next speaker. He delivered a very able and elaborate speech, dealing with the conditions of the South, its undeveloped wealth and endless resources, and then dwelt at length upon the deeds of illustrious Irish-Americans, paying his respects to the Scotch-Irish. He also declared himself very plainly in regard to certain organizations who have antagonized Catholic Irish-Americans. It was an able and eloquent speech well worthy of one of the greatest men in the grand old State of Georgia.

JOHN F. FINERTY'S SPEECH.

Messrs. Wrenne and Walsh consumed over three hours in reading their valuable manuscripts. Says the Catholic Journal of Memphis, Tenn., of date Sept. 25:

There was great applause when Mr. Finerty was introduced by Chairman Wrenne. The long exercises of the day had tired out the audience, but it would not disperse until the well-known Chicagoan had been heard. In a characteristic manner, Mr. Finerty in a brilliant and impassioned speech entertained his hearers for an hour and was accorded the fullest measure of applause. As Senator Walsh and Mr. Wrenne read their lengthy speeches from manuscript, Mr. Finerty could not forego the pleasure of a little fun at their expense in the opening of his his speech. Following is a synopsis of what he said:

I appear before you, ladies and gentlemen, under a serious disadvantage, because I do not possess a manuscript. I hope this fact will not cause a stampede among you. From what you have heard from the other speakers, I think that you are all now convinced that the Irish have saved the country. I have been highly gratified with the display that has been made in your city in honor of Irish-American Day. I rejoiced when I saw the green flag of Ireland floating from your houses all over your city and from your public buildings; that same flag which has often been defeated, but which has never been dishonored. You have honored the State of Tennessee and the city of Nashville. While you celebrate as Irish-Americans, you have not forgotten the old country beyond the sea. You have heard mentioned from this platform today the names of many famous Irish-Americans who have won distinction in almost every walk of life; men who are famous for their military careers and also in affairs of state. But I would have you remember that honor is due the rank and file of the Irish as well as to those famous men. If the spirit of liberty has been planted here it has been done by the great masses of the Irish that came here to escape the oppression of the most tyrannical laws ever devised by man. My friend, the Hon. Patrick Walsh, has said that he wished all the Irishmen in Ireland could be brought to the United States. I do not agree with him on that point. Let them stay in old Ireland and guard the ashes of their fathers. Let them stay there and keep their traditions sacred. If they cannot gain their liberty let them at least remain there a thorn in the side of England.

It has been from the hour of the first Norman invasion, England's settled purpose to get rid of the native Irish race, and nothing would more gratify her pride and her vengeance than the extirpation of the hated "mere Irish," who have defied alike her soldiers, her statesmen and her executioners to conquer their indomitable spirit. The day must never come when the London Times may be able to say that it was animated by the inspiration of a prophet when, fifty years ago, it wrote, "The Celts are going, thank God—soon they will be gone with a vengeance," and again, "The time is not distant when a Celtic Irishman will be as scarce in Ireland as a Red Indian on the shores of Manhattan Island." Why should the Irish people abandon the country their sires had occupied for almost four thousand years to the foreign enemy

(CONTINUED ON THE FIFTH PAGE.)

FAMILY SLAUGHTERED

The Husband and Father Doing the Work and Ending His Gory Revelry with Suicide.

SIX FOUND DEAD AND TWO DYING.

Mother, Babe and Five Other Children Shot to Death as They Lay in Bed, Every Bullet Reaching a Vital Part—No Known Cause for the Tragedy—Another Star Witness in the Luetgert Trial Tells a Story of the Famous Vat.

Carroll, Ia., Sept. 28.—The home of John Boecker, a farmer living eight miles northwest of Carroll, is the scene of a terrible tragedy which took place Sunday night. He is dying, his wife and baby are dead at his home; his son Henry is at death's door; in one bed three other children are dead, and in another lies the dead body of little Lizzie, aged 6. Boecker was to help a neighbor thresh yesterday morning, and on not putting in an appearance about 9 o'clock his brother Henry, who lives with the old folks about twenty rods away, went to learn the reason of his failure to help. The doors were locked and there were no signs of life about. He tried to get in the house, but met no response, and finally he kicked in the door and found the state of affairs above described. Boecker with his wife and baby slept in a back room, and the three corpses lay on one bed.

How the Eight Met Their Deaths.

The wife had been shot in the neck with a shotgun, which stood in the corner; the baby had been shot and its head crushed with the butt of a revolver. The man still breathing had a bullet hole high up on the forehead and by his side was a Smith & Wesson six-shooter, two chambers empty. It is a story and half frame house, and upstairs Henry, aged 8, and Lizzie, aged 6, lay on a bed with bullet holes in the forehead, the latter dead, the boy still breathing, and in the opposite corner of the room, Caroline, aged 14, Christine, aged 9, and John aged 3, were dead, each with a bullet hole in the forehead, though Caroline had two.

His Aim Was Effective Each Time.

Late yesterday afternoon the bodies were still untouched, the sheriff and coroner being occupied in arranging for the inquest and other preliminaries. Inquiry will be pushed today and the verdict of the coroner's jury will be rendered. It is undoubtedly a case of murder and suicide. The indications are that Boecker first dispatched his wife with the shotgun, shooting her in the neck; then used the revolver on the baby, first shooting it and then knocking out its brains with the butt. He then went upstairs where the five children were sleeping and killed them. He must have used a light, for his aim was effective, each victim being shot in the forehead.

Had Practiced with the Revolver.

All but two children met with instant death, and two lay as calmly reposed as if in sleep. All except Henry, who was not yet dead when found, were attired in night robes. Boecker had reloaded the weapon while upstairs, and evidently sent the second bullet into the oldest girl's brain just before leaving the room. Going downstairs he stretched himself beside the corpse of his wife and shot himself. His right hand was burnt by the powder, showing much use of the revolver. The revolver he borrowed from his brother Henry last Thursday, remarking that he wanted it to kill rats in the cellar. It is now recalled that he had since practiced target shooting with it. Boecker was 34 years old and for over twenty years had lived in the same neighborhood—in fact, on the same farm.

No Premonition of the Tragedy.

Sunday he attended Roman Catholic services at Breda with his wife and some of the children. Later in the day he was visited by a neighbor, who says that when he left the Boecker home in the evening they were seemingly a happy family, and not a premonition of the awful tragedy acted a few hours later was manifest on Boecker or any one of the household. Members of his father's family say he had no family troubles, his financial affairs were in good shape, and they can assign no motive for the terrible crime. On the other hand it is hinted that this man who lived an ordinarily good life for thirty-five years, did not turn an incarnate fiend since sundown Sunday evening.

LUETGERT'S SOAP-MAKING FAILURE.

William Charles, His Business Partner, Proves a Very Good Witness.

Chicago, Sept. 28.—The leading event in the Luetgert trial yesterday was the evidence of William Charles, Luetgert's business partner. He explained why, as he claimed, the caustic potash in which the body of Mrs. Luetgert is alleged by the prosecution to have been dissolved was bought. Aocerding to Charles' story the potash purchased was as the principal ingredient of a quantity of soap to be used in cleaning up the factory preparatory to its sale. The witness said he suggested this method of putting it in shape himself, and that Luetgert, acting upon the suggestion, ordered a barrel of caustic potash, weighing 375 pounds, sent to the factory. On the day before Mrs. Luetgert's disappearance they prepared to make the soap. "We put in three or four barrels of tallow and grease and other waste stuff lying around the factory—chops from the market," said he.

"I saw Luetgert for the last time that evening in Metsig's saloon, a quarter before 9 o'clock. I next saw him Sunday morning at 6:30. We went down into the basement and looked at the vat to see how the soap was getting on. The grease appeared to be in one pile, the tallow in another pile ,and the chops in another. There were three distinct masses. It wasn't a success any how," Luetgert, said the witness, then put the hose in the vat and turned the water on. They then went upstairs and to their homes. At 10 o'clock that morning they returned to the office to talk over the sale of the factory with Mr. Arnold.

Charles next saw Luetgert at the factory office Monday morning at 6:30 o'clock. They went down into the basement and found the water still running. The floor was covered with a greasy, sticky substance. The two men went to the Great Northern hotel to another conference over the sale of the factory. "As to the barricading of the basement door, the rats were responsible for that," said Charles. Before starting to make soap they had been hunting rats with a Skye terrier. Boxes, packages and barrels had been moved and many of them left before the door.

Several questions were asked him as to whether he had altered the books of the factory to show false profits, but nothing was gained by this, the witness laughingly denying it. The witness was also questioned as to trying to induce Mrs. Feldt to swear that the rings were not Mrs. Luetgert's. He denied that he had done so. He was soon excused.

Mary Siemering resumed the witness stand and swore that Inspector Schaack scared her into making certain statements before the grand jury. As to the other testimony it may be briefed as follows: Jacob Melber, a butcher, swore he saw a strange woman resembling Mrs. Luetgert at Wheaton, Ills., on May 6. Charles Behnke explained the presence of the loose doors in the factory basement. Augusta Koske repeated threats made by Mrs. Luetgert to leave home forever.

PRAIRIE STATE FAIR PROGRAMME.

Special Feature for Each Day of the Week—Pointer and Patchen to Race.

Springfield, Sept. 28.—The forty-fourth anual exhibition of the Illinois state fair opened yesterday with the greatest exhibits in its history. The day was set apart for the schools of Illinois, and 100,000 children's tickets were distributed. The grounds have been greatly improved. Premiums aggregating $45,000 are offered, of which $10,000 goes to the speed ring. A pair of Fairbanks' latest patent four-ton compound-beam stock scales and $100 in cash, offered as a special prize for the largest yield of corn from one acre of Illinois soil, has drawn the finest specimens of that cereal ever exhibited in the state. A special attraction has been secured for each day of the fair..

Monday was children's day, and all children under 15 years were admitted free. Tuesday is "Fraternity Day," and the different secret organizations will hold reunions and parades on the grounds. Wednesday is "Old Soldiers' Day;" veterans will be admitted free and presented with a souvenir and reunions will be held. Thursday is "Governor's Day;" Governor Tanner and his entire staff will be present; the governors of every state in the Union invited. Friday "Springfield Day;" all the business houses in the city will close in the afternoon. The feature of the day will be a special match race between the pacing kings Star Pointer and Joe Patchen, for $5,000, with $1,000 to the loser and an extra purse if the world's record of 1:59¼ is beaten.

CANNOT BE A GREAT STATE.

Kansas Perpetually Enjoined from Interferring with an Insurance Company.

Topeka, Kan., Sept. 28.—The injunction granted some time ago by the federal judge at Colorado Springs restraining the state insurance superintendent from interfering with the business in this state of the New York Mutual Life Insurance company has been affirmed and made perpetual by Federal Judge John F. Williams. The state wants to proscribe the company because it refuses to pay the claims in the famous Hillmon case. Judge Williams said in his opinion that such action was arbitrary and "an assumption of authority in a ministerial officer that is startling."

The decision, in effect, is a repetition of the action of the court at Colorado Springs, which set all Kansas to talking against the federal courts, caused Governor Leedy to denounce the court, and led to Attorney General Boyle's defiance of the court by bringing quo warranto proceedings. Why the judge allows the quo warranto fight to go on does not appear from the opinion. In ordinary case Judge Williams would have sent the decision here to be filed by Judge Foster, but recognizing its importance he chose to read it himself from the bench. When Judge Williams had finished reading the decision David Overmyer, appearing for Webb McNall (insurance superintendent), took exceptions preparatory to an appeal to the United States supreme court and said he supposed it would be allowed. "Certainly," the judge said.

PENNANT ALMOST AT BOSTON.

Bean-Eaters Win the "Rubber" at the City of Monuments.

Baltimore, Sept. 28.—Outside of a little contingent of faithful Boston "rooters" who were making merry at the Eutaw House, there was no joy in Baltimore last night. Boston took the "rubber" in the crucial series, is ahead in the fight for the pennant, and there seems to be but little probability that the "champions" can save it. Hofier, the "wizard," Nops the "south-paw," and "Brother Joe" Corbett all went down like ripe grain in a hurricane before the terrific onslaught of Boston's batters, until what seemed at first to be a victory for the home team was finally turned into a rout, the like of which has seldom been witnessed on a ball field. More than 25,000 people saw it done, and they witnessed the downfall of their favorites with perfect good humor, gathering about the victors and cheering them heartily at the finish.

Chicago, Sept. 28.—League records yesterday were: At Baltimore—Boston 19, Baltimore 10; at New York—Washington 6, New York 3; at Pittsburg—Chicago 4, Pittsburg 5; at St. Louis—Cincinnati 4, St. Louis 5.

Miners Reject a Proposal.

Spring Valley, Ills., Sept. 28.—The miners in mass-meeting yesterday rejected the proposition of S. M. Dalzell, the general manager of the Spring Valley Coal company. He agreed to pay the Springfield scale for company work, and would pay for digging coal the scale to be adopted by the majority of the operators of the northern Illinois field. The outlook is gloomier than ever for the resumption of mining.

Supposed to Have Drowned.

Sheboygan, Wis., Sept. 28.—It is thought that Edward Murphy, captain of the scow Upright, which went ashore between Manitowoc and this city during the heavy gale of Friday night last, was washed overboard and drowned. Murphy lived at Sturgeon Bay, but nothing has been heard of him there. The scow is almost a total wreck.

Shock of Earthquake in Washington.

Olympia, Wash., Sept. 28.—A slight shock of earthquake was felt here yesterday morning at 1:30 o'clock. The vibrations were of sufficient force to awaken sound sleepers. No damage reported.

MAILS AND STRIKERS

A Question That Will Come Up if There Is a General Tie-Up of Chicago Street Cars.

CITY DADS MOVE TO HELP THE MEN

Will Try to Have Mails Declared Freight and Therefore Not Allowable on Street Car Lines Under Their Charters—Postoffice Official Discusses the Matter—Scheme Not Originated by Street Car Companies—Lattimer Verdict.

Chicago, Sept. 28.—"If it is true that these men were discharged because they were active in organizing a union for their protection I believe that public sentiment should support the street car men in the event of a strike being declared. There is a great deal of talk of the railroads combining in their own interests, and I see no reason why the men should not have the same right to organize." The foregoing statement was made by Mayor Harrison yesterday in regard to the threatened strike of the employes of the City Railway company. He is an advocate of organized labor. The council will take a hand in the fight on the side of the men. Coughlin will ask for the passage of an order upon the corporation counsel for an opinion as to the right of the street railway companies to carry freight, including the United States mail.

Argues That Mail Is Freight.

The point is made that mail is freight, and that there is absolutely nothing in the franchise of any of the roads, with the possible exception of the Chicago General Electric road, which is operating under the charter of a steam road, conveying authority to carry freight of any sort. If it can be shown that the road has no right to carry the United States mail, one of the obstacles in the way of a strike may be removed. "If there is a strike on the south side street car lines, which I hope will not occur, the government will insist that there be no interference with the railway mail service on the Cottage Grove line. This means that any one who not only interferes with the mail trains but with the operation of the cable or power house so as to interrupt the transmission of the mails will be promptly arrested by the United States marshal."

Roads Did Not Want the Mail.

The foregoing was the warning of Superintendent Troy to the employes of the Chicago City Railway company yesterday. It was not made as a threat or to in any way influence the men for or against a strike. That is a matter with which the superintendent of that railway mail service has nothing to do, but his statement as to the action of the government authorities in case the mails are interfered with is merely given out so as to avoid any necessity of arresting any one in the event of a strike. Superintendent Troy says the introduction of the street railway mail service was not brought about by the street car companies. In fact, the street car magnates opposed the movement and it was a long time before they would consent to it at the rates paid by the government.

Wheeler the Last to Consent.

Mr. Wheeler, president of the south side company, was the last to consent. In order to avoid delays to the regular trains Wheeler elected to put on a regular mail train which does not carry passengers. This is optional with him, however. No other company does this. Troy says the statement that the railway mail service is merely a scheme of the street car companies to defeat strikes is not true. There is nothing to prevent any man quitting work, but of course he cannot interfere with one who takes his place and desires to work, if that interference stops or delays the transmission of the mails.

LABOR CONVENTION MEETS.

Attendance Is Small and Debs Is the Only Leader Present.

Chicago, Sept. 28.—Eugene V. Debs was the only prominent labor leader present at Orpheus hall when the labor convention called by the conference held at St. Louis some weeks ago, was called to order, which was done by Debs himself, who made a conservative speech. E. M. Bannister, of St. Louis, was chosen for chairman and W. R. Carrick, of Pennsylvania, for secretary. A delegate in the front row moved that the secretary read the call to which this meeting was the response and that the delegates present might then hand in their credentials, after which adjournment for dinner would be taken. On reassembling, he said, the convention might take such action as it saw fit on the credentials. The programme was carried out.

An incident showing the temper of the men occurred when a delegate rose some time after the conclusion of Debs' speech and asked him what was his authority for saying the Chicago Federation of Labor had withdrawn from the movement. Debs replied that he saw it in the papers. The questioner then gently rebuked the man from Terre Haute for placing such credence in the very papers he so cheerfully "roasted" on every occasion. There was a ripple of laughter in which Debs himself joined, and then it was all a "closed incident."

The afternoon session was taken up with approving credentials and listening to addresses on the best ways to ameliorate present conditions. Delegates are present from about half the states in the Union.

BLOODSHED OVER LATTIMER.

Nine Men of Thirty-Six Shot and Stabbed Will Die—Remarkable Verdict.

Girardville, Pa., Sept. 28.—As the outcome of a quarrel over the Lattimer shooting a riot occurred here early yesterday morning between a mob of Polanders. Thirty-six were shot and stabbed, nine of whom will die.

Hazelton, Pa., Sept. 28.—The coroner's jury which investigated the death of the striking miners at Lattimer met in Deputy Coroner Cowan's office last evening, and after an hour's deliberation rendered the following verdict: "That from the circumstances of the case and the evidence offered the said Clement Platock and others came to their deaths by gunshot wounds on Sept. 10, 1897, at the hands of Sheriff James Martin and his deputies, and in this we the jury do all agree, and we—Phil J. Boyle, Thomas T. Thomas, Barton Freas and Peter McKiernan, of this jury, do further say that the said Clement Platock with others were marching peaceably and unarmed on the public highway; that they were intercepted by said Sheriff Martin and his deputies and mercilessly shot to death; and we do further find that the killing was unnecessary and could have been avoided without serious injury to either person or property, and we find finally that the killing was wanton and unjustifiable; but in this we, George Maue and J. F. MacNéal, of this jury, do not concur; and we the jury do further say that there was such strong suspicion of unlawful violence at the hands of person or persons unknown to the jury as to make this inquest necessary."

HENRY GEORGE FOR MAYOR.

Silver Democracy Nominates Him to Rule the "Greater New York."

New York, Sept. 28.—The most important development in the Greater New York political situation yesterday was the unanimous nomination of Henry George for mayor by the United Democracy, composed of numerous free silver and Bryan clubs which were active in the campaign of last fall. George once polled 68,000 votes as a labor candidate for mayor of New York. His strength, if he should accept, would be drawn principally from the Democratic vote. The United Democracy also adopted a resolution condemning "the action of the state committee in refusing to reaffirm the Chicago platform and in nominating as candidate for chief judge of the court of appeals Alton B. Parker, whose party fealty is so doubtful that he is popularly believed to have voted against the Bryan and Sewall electoral ticket last year."

The convention nominated John G. Boyd for comptroller and Winfield S. Overton for president of the municipal council. A belief is current that George will not accept this nomination if Tammany indorses the Chicago platform. On the other hand, the old-time Democratic leaders prefer to ignore the silver question altogether. So the Democrats are as much worried over Henry George as the Republicans are over Seth Low.

DEATH ROLL SLOWLY INCREASING.

Shows That the Yellow Fever Epidemic Is Not Severe as Yet.

New Orleans, Sept. 28.—The board of health of the state of Louisiana officially announces the state of affairs in New Orleans as regards yellow fever as follows: For the twenty-four hours ended Monday, Sept. 27, at 9 p. m., there were —Cases of yellow fever, 22; deaths, 2; total cases to date, 160; total deaths, 19; total cases under treatment, 102. The percentage of deaths to cases is a little less than 8.5.

At Biloxi there were 17 new cases and 1 death; 3 cases and 1 death at Scranton, while at Ocean Springs there were no new cases and no deaths.

Edwards, Miss., Sept. 28.—There have been all told 163 cases and 6 deaths here and 8 cases in the county adjacent.

Mobile, Ala., Sept. 28.—Three new cases were officially reported yesterday; 1 death.

Illinois Senator In the Scheme.

Seattle, Wash., Sept. 28.—A rival to the North American Transportation and Trading company in Alaska steamship business has appeared. It is the Alaska Transportation and Development company, of Chicago, capitalized at $5,000,000. Senator Mason, of Illinois, and Albert Blatz, the Milwaukee brewer, are among the prominent eastern men identified with the company.

Perry Heath Back from Indiana.

Washington, Sept. 28.—First Assistant Postmaster General Heath, who returned to Washington yesterday from a visit to his home in Muncie, Ind., reports an exceptional degree of activity in the Indiana gas belt, where there are many glass and iron factories. He says half of them are running both day and night. He predicts an early advance in wages.

ABBREVIATED TELEGRAMS.

Snow has extinguished the forest fires in the Big Horn country.

The ninth annual convention of the United States Brewmasters' League is in session at the Hotel Cadillac, Detroit.

Michigan's state tax for 1897, as apportioned, aggregates $2,379,907. This is 2.153 mills on an equalized valuation of $1,105,100,000.

The maltsters' trust is now an accomplished fact. The new combination embraces every prominent malting house in the country.

Hon. Peter Pasco, ex-state senator, present judge of probate court, died at his home in Marquette, Mich., last night, 66 years of age.

St. James Methodist church, Chicago, raised $60,000 at the dedication services of its new church. This makes the new edifice free from debt.

At the Columbus (O.) auditorium today was opened the first annual convention of the mayors and councilmen of the United States and Canada.

Senator and Mrs. Hanna celebrated at Glenmere last evening the thirty-third anniversary of their wedding. Glenmere is their home near Cleveland.

Anthony Suck, of Chicago, accidentally shot and killed himself while hunting. He tried to pull his boat to the shore with a gun, the muzzle being towards him.

The steamer Admiral Gewais, with 200 passengers, took fire off Ufa, southern Russia, and a panic ensued in which many people lost their lives by burning and drowning.

Mrs. A. E. Paul has been appointed by Mayor Harrison and Commissioner McGann to have charge of cleaning the down-town streets of Chicago. She will begin her work at once.

The receivers of the Baltimore and Ohio railway have arranged to pay the interest on the bonds of the Baltimore and Ohio and Chicago division of the system, on which default was made on June 1.

Patrick McNulty, a Wisconsin Central engineer, went under his engine at St. Paul to repair an air box when a freight train backed down from a switch and moved his engine a few feet. He was decapitated.

The new North German Lloyd steamer Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse cut an hour and a half off the time between Southampton and New York on her maiden trip, beating the time of the St. Paul that much. Her average speed for the trip was 21.39 knots an hour. The Lucania has the record—22.01 knots average.

FROM LAKES TO OCEAN

Deep Waterway Commission Selects Canal Route.

SCOPE OF THE BIG ENTERPRISE.

The Commission Will Recommend the Building of a Canal to Start from North Tonawanda—Lake Ontario, Oneida Lake, Oneida River and the Mohawk Basin Will Be Used in Reaching the Hudson River and the Ocean.

Albany, N. Y., Sept. 28.—The deep waterway commission, appointed by President McKinley to report on a canal route connecting the upper lakes with the seaboard, has practically selected its route, according to a statement made by Chief Engineer Harrison of the commission. It will start from North Tonawanda and extend to Lake Ontario, the outlet to be near Wilson. It will begin again at Oswego and run thence to Lake Oneida, and from there to the Mohawk river, which is a direct connection via the Hudson with the Atlantic ocean. This route is known as the Oswego route, and is practically the same as that outlined and recommended by State Engineer Surveyor Adams.

It is proposed to convert the Mohawk river into a series of level pools by means of dams, and to make the bottom width of the canal 100 feet, the depth 20 feet, and the size of the locks 450x60 feet. The depth of 25 feet has been adopted by the United States engineers as a standard in the improvement of lake channels.

Lift of Twenty-Four Feet.

At West Troy it is proposed to build a lock having a lift of twenty-four feet. By constructing a few hundred feet of low embankment the Mohawk basin, a former outlet of the Mohawk river, can be made to contain the first of the canal. It is proposed to build a dam on the crest of the Cohoes falls, making one vertical lift of 130 feet, to be operated by a huge counter-balanced tank, in a manner similar to that used in building elevators. At Little Falls is is proposed to build two locks and dams to get around the falls. It is then proposed to make a great cut through Utica and Rome deep enough for a summit level to extend from Little Falls to and beyond Brewertown, on the westerly end of Oneida lake.

After crossing the lake the route passes down the Oneida river a short distance, then it leaves the river, cuts off a large bend, and crosses the river. At the river crossing a dam is planned to raise the lake level about thirteen feet. On the western side is located a combined lift and guard lock, having a maximum lift of twenty feet and a minimum lift of ten feet. At this lock the descent to Lake Ontario begins.

Remainder of Route.

The channel of the Oswego river forms the remainder of the route to Oswego. At Oswego Falls a dam is proposed that will back water to the crest of the Phoenix dam and up the canal to the combined lift and guard lock before mentioned. A single lock will suffice to reach the level just below the falls. The next dam and lock are located a few miles above Minnetto dam, and the next and last dam and lock in the city of Oswego. The last dam will raise the water about sixty-five feet above low water in Lake Ontario. The lock will be partly within the lines of the Oswego harbor, and it is considered the end of the canal.

All existing bridges over the proposed route will need to be provided with a pivot pier and draw span, and whenever the canal leaves the natural waterways all intersections with highways and railroads will require new bridges. The total cost of the construction of the canal will foot up, according to the deduction and estimates from this examination of the route, $88,089,601. The Suez canal cost $100,000,000.

RIVER GIVES UP ITS DEAD.

Body of a Man Who Disappeared in Buffalo Found in Chicago.

Chicago, Sept. 28.—Louis E. Hill, cashier of the Ellicott Square bank of Buffalo, N. Y., stepped out of the door of his office a week ago Saturday and disappeared. Early Monday morning his body was seen floating in the river at the foot of Michigan street by the crew of the steamer Michigan. Why and how he left Buffalo, how long he was in Chicago, and how he met his death in the river are mysteries the police cannot explain, especially since telegrams from Buffalo state that his accounts as cashier and as administrator of his father's estate are all right.

In the pockets of the dead man's clothes were found $40 and a gold watch and chain, besides numerous papers. The police of the East Chicago avenue station think he fell into the river and was drowned while trying to board one of the Buffalo boats that tie up at the dock where his body was first seen. His watch was stopped at 3:30. Another theory is that he may have been lured to the place and murdered, or he may have committed suicide. Hill was a brother of Charles Hill, a real estate man in Buffalo. He was notified of the finding of the body.

Died of a Broken Heart.

Valparaiso, Ind., Sept. 28.—The funeral of Fred O'Connor, train dispatcher at Fort Wayne, who was responsible for the terrible Colehour wreck during the World's fair, when fifteen lives were lost, was held Sunday afternoon. O'Connor left the dispatcher's office immediately after the wreck and died in New Mexico from a broken heart. The Pennsylvania company ran special trains from Fort Wayne and Chicago for the funeral.

Illinois State Fair.

Springfield, Ills., Sept. 28.—The forty-fourth annual exhibition of the great Illinois state fair opened its gates Monday morning under most favorable conditions. The entries in every department are fuller and more diversified than at any previous state fair, and have overflowed every department of the great buildings to which they have been assigned.

Gold on Mount Baker.

Seattle, Wash., Sept. 28.—E. W. Saporkas has brought the first authentic information of the reported gold finds on Mount Baker. According to Mr. Saporkas, who is just back from Whatcom county, the heights about Mount Baker are rich enough to keep miners busy for ten years.

HOPE FOR A SURPLUS SOON.

Treasury Officials Figure That the Deficit Will Disappear by January.

Washington, Sept. 28.—The September monthly statement of the government receipts and expenditures will show a material decrease in the deficit as compared with August. The increase that will be shown in the receipts from internal sources seems to justify the expectation of the treasury officials that by Jan. 1 next the deficit will have been reduced to a nominal amount. The excess of expenditures over receipts so far this month amounts to something over $2,250,000, but it is expected that by Oct. 1 this excess will have been reduced to $3,000,000 or less, making the deficit for the first quarter of the fiscal year about $28,000,000.

Internal revenue officials call attention to the fact that already the receipts from internal revenue exceed those of last year by about $6,000,000, and confidently predict that by Jan. 1 this increase will have reached $7,000,000 and possibly $8,000,000. The receipts from customs so far show no material gains, nor is it expected that any substantial improvement will be shown until after the first of the year. Sugar is then expected to figure prominently in the receipts, and before the close of the calendar year much is expected from wool exports.

Estimating the deficit for the next three months at $17,000,000 exclusive of payments on account of the Pacific railroads, the available cash balance in the treasury at the close of the first half of the fiscal year would be about $10,000,000 in excess of the present figures, or $228,000,000. This would be a net loss for the six months of $15,000,000. Summing up the situation the treasury officials confidently predict that before the close of the calendar year the receipts will fully equal or exceed the needs of the government.

WHERE IS THAT GOVERNOR?

Michigan Seems Apprehensive That Her Chief Executive Is Lost.

Detroit, Sept. 28.—Some of Governor Pingree's friends are becoming uneasy as the time goes by and his whereabouts are not located. The governor left Detroit two weeks ago, supposedly for a trip "down east," accompanied by General Arthur L. Bresler and Colonel Eli R. Sutton. General Bresler has now returned to the city, saying that he has been in New York city for the past two weeks and knows nothing of the governor. No two opinions regarding his disappearance agree. The only clue to his whereabouts is found in a dispatch from Curacoa, West Indies, saying the governor and Colonel Sutton are figuring on securing a railroad concession from the Venesuelan government.

J. B. Howarth, one of Pingree's partners in the shoe business, says he does not know what the governor is doing in South America, and many of his intimates think that if he has gone south at all it is on a pleasure trip, seeking a rest. Careful inquiry as to his whereabouts at the governor's residence fails to elicit any information, but no positive alarm has yet been expressed by his family.

Just Our "Good Offices."

Havana, Sept. 28.—The Madrid correspondent of La Lucha cables his paper that he has had an interview with the United States minister as to the Cuban situation and that General Woodford described his mission in Spain as "wholly friendly" and for the purpose of offering "the good offices of the United States to re-establish a lasting peace in Cuba."

THE MARKETS.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

Chicago, Sept. 27.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—September, opened 90c, closed 91c; December, opened 90½c, closed 91¼c; May, opened 90c, closed 90¾c. Corn—September, opened and closed 27⅞c; December, opened 29½c, closed 29¾c; May, opened 32¾c, closed 33¼c. Oats—September, opened 19c, closed nominal; December, opened 20c, closed 20½c; May, opened 22¾c, closed 22⅞c. Pork—October, opened $8.05, closed $8.20; December, opened $8.15, closed $8.27½; January, opened $9.10, closed $9.25. Lard—October, opened $4.32½, closed $4.47½; December, opened $4.42½, closed $4.55.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 20½c per lb; extra dairy, 18c; fresh packing stock, 11c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 14c per dozen. Live Poultry—Turkeys, 7@10c per lb; chickens (hens), 7½@8c; spring chickens, 8c; ducks, 8@8½c. Potatoes—Early Ohio, 45@52c per 3.15 per bbl.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Sept. 27.

Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 25,000; sales ranged at $2.50@4.30 for pigs, $3.90@4.30 for light, $3.60@3.70 for rough packing, $3.80@4.25 for mixed, and $3.75@4.20 for heavy packing and shipping lots. Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 20,000; quotations ranged at $5.10@5.60 for choice to extra shipping steers, $4.70@5.10 good to choice do., $4.40 4.80 fair to good, $3.85@4.30 common to medium do., $3.60@4.25 butchers' steers, $3.25@3.90 stockers, $3.80@4.60 feeders, $1.90@4.20 cows, $2.60@4.60 heifers, $2.25 @4.25 bulls, oxen and stags, $2.90@3.90 Texas steers, $3.30@4.50 western rangers, and $3.50@7.00 veal calves. Shee and Lambs—Estimated receipts for the day, 25,000; quotations ranged at $3.00@4.10 westerns, $2.90@3.50 Texans, $2.45@4.25 natives, and $3.75@5.90 lambs.

Milwaukee Grain.

Milwaukee, Sept. 27.

Wheat—Steady; No. 1 northern, 91½c; No. 2 spring, 87@88c; December, 89c. Corn—Dull; No. 3, 27¾c. Oats—Lower; No. 2 white, 22¾@22¾c. Rye—Lower; No. 1, 4[illegible]c.

FACTS ABOUT HEALTH

It Is Easy to Keep Well If We Know How—Some of the Conditions Necessary to Perfect Health.

The importance of maintaining good health is easily understood, and it is really a simple matter if we take a correct view of the conditions required. In perfect health the stomach promptly digests food. The blood is employed to carry nourishment to the organs, nerves, muscles and tissues which need it. The first great essential for good health, therefore, is pure, rich blood. No medicine has such a record of cures as Hood's Sarsaparilla and it is because it is the one true blood purifier. Hundreds of people are alive and well today who would have been in their graves had they not taken Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is depended upon as a family medicine by thousands.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

EXILED TO SIBERIA.

By WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON.

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[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XVII.

FREE.

"Yes, yes," exclaimed Platoff. "Was I blind not to think of it before? Pass me that log out as quickly as possible. But it is more dangerous," he added, "From the top of the stockade we may be seen by the men on guard in the sentry boxes outside, but it is our last chance. We must not think of the risk."

During this conversation Platoff was standing in the narrow avenue in plain view of any sentry who might chance that way, and just around the angles were 20 or 30 armed soldiers. Maurice and Phil lifted the heavy log and shoved one end at right angles through the opening. It stuck fast several times, but Platoff by main force dragged it clear, and lifting it in his arms placed it at a slight angle against the stockade.

"Now come on, he whispered, and assisting Maurice through the hole he lifted him to the top of the log. Bidding him cling firmly to the boards, he mounted behind him. A clever spring landed him on Maurice's shoulders, and a second later he was straddling the stockade.

"Is the coast clear?" whispered Maurice.

Platoff made no reply. His face expressed sudden terror, but the darkness concealed this from his companions. The distance from Maurice's head to the top of the stockade was less than four feet. Bending down in silence, Platoff grasped the lad's outstretched hands and drew him quickly to the top. Phil instantly gained the vacant place on the log, and in less time than it takes to tell he, too, was safely on the summit of the stockade.

"Not a sound for your lives!" whispered Platoff, and with a trembling hand he pointed through the driving snow to a dark object some 20 yards distant.

"The sentry!" he whispered. "His back is turned. We must drop together and run. Don't lose sight of me."

At this moment, when the danger was most critical, a startling interruption came from the prison yard. Round the front angle strode a sentinel, rifle on shoulder. He marched down the avenue beneath the very noses of the frightened fugitives, staring straight ahead under the visor of his cap. He failed to see the log projecting from the stockade, and, catching his foot on the end, down he went with a crash full length on the ground.

"Jump quick," whispered Platoff, and all three sprang from the stockade together, landing heavily on the snowy crust below.

"Don't rise," said Platoff. "Follow me on hands and knees." He crawled away into the darkness at a speed which the boys found difficult to equal. Glancing to their right, they saw the sentinel still motionless at his post. Whether he was facing them or not it was impossible to tell. Foot by foot they left the stockade behind, and still the silence was unbroken. Then on the night air rose a single loud cry. It was answered by a shout, and then another and another boom thundered from the little cannon in the courtyard and the echoes quivered through the valley.

Platoff leaped to his feet. "The alarm gun!" he exclaimed. "The whole settlement knows we are free. Run as you never ran before and keep me always in sight."

With great strides he plunged forward over the snow. Close at his heels came Maurice and Phil, amazed at their own speed. The sentry, catching a fleeting glimpse of the fugitives, raised his rifle and fired. The bullet whistled overhead. He fired again and again, shooting aimlessly into the night.

Six times the rifle cracked, and the red flash blazed briefly athwart the darkness. Then came silence, an ominous, fateful calm, and the daring fugitives fleeing across the valley heard nothing but the rapid tramp of their own footsteps. In single file they sped over the deepening snow, facing the cutting blast and breathing quickly, through clinched teeth.

Platoff ran at the head, every muscle strained, his ears alert to catch the faintest sound. From time to time he uttered cheering words to his companions.

Before them and on both sides was darkness, but looking over their shoulders they saw the twinkling lights of the prison still perilously close at hand.

Twice Maurice stumbled, exhausted by the fearful strain, but Platoff dragged him to his feet with new encouragement.

Then Phil gave out almost entirely, and his companions had to help him along between them.

"You must keep up," said Platoff impatiently. "See, we are on the downward slope now. The river is not far off. Once there we are comparatively safe."

"Listen. What is that?" cried Maurice, and as he spoke a dull noise was heard in the distance that seemed to grow more distinct each second. Platoff threw himself upon his knees and put his ear to the ground. "As I thought," he exclaimed, "the mounted Cossacks are coming. They will spread in all directions and carry on the search in squads of three and four. Now is the time to show your speed. Here, give me a hand, each of you."

He dashed off again, fairly dragging his companions with him. Faster and faster they ran, louder and louder grew the trampling of hoofs in their rear, and then with a sudden effort they checked themselves on the bank of the Kara.

"Here we are!" exclaimed Platoff fervently. "There is one important thing in our favor. The direction in which we must go is the very last one that will be suspected. But it will be a terrible ordeal and full of suffering. Can you endure it, do you think?"

"What do you mean?" asked Maurice, not quite catching his meaning.

"The water," was the reply, "the icy channel of the river. We must wade for several miles. It is our last and only hope."

Little wonder that the boys recoiled at this prospect. They were suffering intensely now from the bitter cold. Platoff gave them no time for deliberation.

He plunged sturdily off the bank into the running water, and they followed without hesitation. The Kara is a river only in name. The channel is shallow and not more than 30 yards broad at the widest part. The water flows swiftly over a gravel bed and among big stones that rise in profusion above the surface. Being fed entirely by mountain springs, it never freezes in winter, though a fringe of ice forms on the edges and floating cakes are borne down with the current. The fugitives waded into midstream through water waist deep.

"We must throw these bloodhounds off the track," said Platoff, "and I think I know how to do it."

He led the way across to the other shore and climbed out on the bank. "Now come with me," he said to Maurice. "No, you stay here, right on this rock," he added to Phil, who started to follow. "Two of us will be enough."

He dashed off at right angles to the stream and halted 30 or 40 yards from the bank. Then, still facing forward, he began to take great strides backward toward the river, bidding Maurice to do the same.

"It will appear as though there were four of us," he remarked, "but no one will notice that."

"But what will they do when they come to the end of our tracks?" asked Maurice

"They won't wait that long," laughed Platoff. "If they discover that we have crossed the river at this point, they will dash off at full speed without attempting to stick to our footprints."

They soon reached the water again, much to Phil's relief, who could not imagine what they were trying to do.

The mounted pursuers were alarmingly close to the river by this time. Without a second's delay Platoff started up the channel, followed closely by the boys. Their sufferings were almost forgotten in the fear of recapture. They pressed forward over the slippery stones, waist deep at times, but mostly barely knee deep.

It was snowing so fast and thickly that only the merest outlines of the shores could be seen.

As Platoff had predicted, the tramp of the horses now seemed to come from various directions, as though the troopers were spreading over the plain.

A stray light was visible here and there, and occasionally the cannon boomed above the noise of the water, spreading farther and farther the news of the escape.

Before the first of the horsemen reached the river the fugitives were some distance up stream, and it was impossible to tell whether their tracks were discovered or not. At times the sounds of the pursuit seemed to die out

All three sprang from the stockade together.

in the distance, only to return closer than before. Beyond a doubt the Cossacks were on both sides of the stream, and the general location of the fugitives seemed to be suspected, for the horsemen could be heard galloping to and fro within a limited space.

The darkness of the night and the driving snowstorm placed the odds against the pursuers.

"They will never think of looking for us in the water," remarked Platoff. "We are safe here if we can only hold out."

That was a formidable "if," however, and the sufferings which the boys endured that night they will never forget. Toiling painfully from rock to rock, they crept up stream through an icy current. At first the pain was agonizing, but presently their limbs were benumbed and weak, and they found it difficult to move. Sometimes they crept out on big rocks and stamped up and down or rubbed their legs with their aching hands until they were able to proceed again. Several times mounted soldiers passed close by along the shore, and the fugitives bent low among the stones until the danger was over. Not a murmur escaped Platoff's lips.

He went resolutely forward, seeking out the easiest channel and showing the boys the way. The force of his example helped them to endure their sufferings with comparative fortitude. For two hours they marched up the bed of the river, stopping for short intervals of rest. The immediate danger seemed to be past. Occasional sounds of pursuit still floated up the valley, but no horsemen had approached for a long time, and the lights of the prison had long since vanished.

It was a joyful moment when Platoff announced the mines were close at hand, and his prediction was verified ten minutes later when the sharp ridge of the hill appeared before them. They scrambled out of the water and started in single file up the slope past the very spot where Lora Melikoff had been murdered during the eventful interview. The snow was knee deep, but had ceased falling. On the top of the ridge Platoff halted and pointed to the distant lights of the settlement three miles away. "I have entered that prison for the last time," he said impressively, "and done my last day's work in yonder mines. I will never be taken back alive."

He was silent for a moment, and then in a more cheerful tone he resumed: "But it is time to seek the cave. We must journey two miles along this ridge."

"Won't our tracks in the snow be discovered?" asked Maurice as they started briskly off.

"It will soon snow again," answered Platoff, "and fill up our tracks beyond all discovery. Between now and then it is not likely that any of our pursuers will visit the mines."

The truth of this statement was readily apparent, and the boys followed their leader with lighter hearts than they had known for many months, walking rapidly to restore the circulation to their benumbed limbs. The way was rough and stony, but Platoff pressed on without stopping, and finally paused by the side of a huge rock.

"Yonder are the pine trees," he said, pointing ahead. "It must be the place, for I have noted the spot while marching to the mines, and they are the only trees on this ridge."

CHAPTER XVIII.

OFF AT LAST.

The party pressed eagerly forward and were soon standing in the shadow of the pines. The trees were indeed seven in number, all of mammoth size and growing close together on the very verge of the cliff. Huge rocks were scattered about in all directions.

"Now for the cave," said Platoff, as he began to go over the ground inclosed by the seven trees, inspecting every stone and peering into each cranny. The boys joined in the search, but in spite of their efforts the location of the cave remained undiscovered. With nervous haste they went over the ground again and again, afraid to confess their own fears.

Finally Maurice crept to the verge of the cliff and looked down. The rock had a sheer descent for a distance of 40 or 50 feet. At its base the hill sloped more gradually toward the valley. Four feet below the edge was a narrow platform on which grew a few scrubby pine shoots.

Impelled by a singular impulse, Maurice cautiously lowered himself to this edge, and stooping low was confronted by a hole of impenetrable blackness.

"The cave, the cave!" he cried, and Platoff and Phil were quickly at his side.

Together they crawled into the opening, which led downward at a sharp angle. The passage became wider and higher, and in a short time they reached a level space.

"I have found something," exclaimed Platoff, who was ahead. "Clothes, firearms—yes, and matches," he added joyously; "a tin box of matches."

The boys heard something rattle, and then their eyes were blinded by a bright light. They were able to see clearly in a moment, and the sight that met their gaze was a strange one. They were standing in a circular cavern 20 feet in diameter and 6 feet or more in height. The floor and walls were dry, and the atmosphere was warm and pleasant.

"Here are the things which that brave girl has provided," said Platoff, pointing to a heap on the floor. "She has overlooked nothing. There are even candles." And taking one from a box he lit it with the burning match and placed it in a crevice on the floor. With trembling hands they turned over the articles, uttering cries of delight at every new discovery.

There were three complete outfits of clothes, coarse, heavy garments such as are worn by the Russian peasants, including trousers, flannel shirts and thick warm coats. In a canvas bag were two silver mounted revolvers, with accompanying boxes of shells, and a sharp knife in a sheath, while another and larger bag contained a supply of provisions, bread, tea and dried meat, enough for two weeks at least, Platoff declared.

In addition there were a dozen candles, while it remained for Maurice to make the most important find of all, in Platoff's estimation—a leathern belt, which proved to contain 100 rubles in silver.

"With that money," asserted the Russian, "we can purchase food along the way, and we shall be regarded with less suspicion. Everything is now in our favor. I believe that we can reach Vladivostok in safety. Heaven bless that noble girl!" Platoff broke off abruptly, and covering his face with his hands sank to the floor overcome with emotion.

The boys, too, lost all control of their feelings. Phil sobbed aloud, and Maurice, with an overflowing heart, knelt on the rocks and uttered a grateful prayer.

At last Platoff rose to his feet and dashed the moisture from his eyes.

"We had better change our clothes," he said, "or we shall be ill from that long journey in the water." This suggestion was welcomed, and the boys flung off their wet garments with all haste. Their new attire proved to be an excellent fit, so much so, indeed, that Platoff's curiosity was aroused.

"If that girl knew nothing of your companions," he observed shrewdly, "how did she choose such suitable garments?"

"She probably had seen both Phil and me," replied Maurice with a smile, "and knowing that my third companion was to be a Russian she naturally procured a larger set of clothes. You Russians are a big race, you see."

"Yes, yes, that's it," remarked Platoff, well satisfied with the explanation.

How the brave maiden had succeeded in getting the things and conveying them to the cavern was a problem none could clearly understand. It had undoubtedly been accomplished with considerable risk to herself, with help from other arms. From that moment Maurice felt that in spite of his unjust treatment he would always have a soft spot in his heart for a nation that could produce such specimens of young womanhood.

Sleep was impossible under the circumstances, and all remained awake until a faint gray streak shining into the cavern announced the approach of dawn. Platoff crept to the entrance to make a reconnoissance.

"All is well," he declared on his return. "Our hiding place is perfectly safe. The pine scrubs on the ledge hide it completely. It is snowing hard, and our footprints have been destroyed long ago. And besides," he added, "they would never search for us here. It is even probable that when they fail to discover us they will believe we have perished under the snow and will abandon the pursuit. We will remain here for a week at least, probably two weeks. Then it will be safe to start."

"What kind of country must we travel through?" asked Maurice. "Is it wild?"

"Yes," said Platoff, "the valley of the Amur is wild and desolate. The post road follows the river, of course, with stations at long intervals, but we must avoid that. There are wolves and deer in the hills and fish in the river, while in the vicinity of Vladivostok fierce tigers are said to abound. But with our arms we need have little cause for fear." Platoff spoke more fully concerning the valley of the Amur, answering the boys' questions with a readiness that proved him to be acquainted with the general nature of the country.

At last, after a hearty meal, they went to sleep with a feeling of absolute security.

When they awoke, it was apparently late in the afternoon. It was still snowing, and so thickly that from the mouth of the cavern it was impossible to see any distance into the valley.

For several days this storm continued, and the fugitives felt thankful in-

"They are mounted Cossacks returning from the search."

deed for their secure refuge. The time passed monotonously, it is true, but they had plenty to eat and were comfortably warm. Melted snow supplied them with water.

On the fourth day the weather changed, becoming clear and cold. From the ledge it was possible to see across the valley to the settlement. The prison and many of the houses were in plain view, but at such a distance all seemed peaceful and serene.

Late that afternoon, before the sun went down, Platoff pointed to two dark spots approaching the prison from different directions.

"They are mounted Cossacks returning from the search," he said confidently. "It will soon be safe for us to leave."

"But will they give up the pursuit entirely?" inquired Phil.

"Yes, so far as concerns the soldiers in garrison at the mines," answered Platoff. "Of course our escape, with full descriptions, has been telegraphed all over Siberia, and at every village and posting station they will be on the lookout for us, but we will keep away from all such dangerous places; trust me for that."

The change in Platoff during the last few days had been marvelous. He actually seemed to have grown taller, and the weary, hopeless expression had departed from his face, leaving it bright and sparkling with animation. His taciturn, moody disposition was gone, and he beguiled the weary hours spent in the cavern with tales and incidents that were absorbingly interesting to the boys. Thus the time went swiftly by, and they woke on the sixth morning to find the air mild and damp and a drizzling rain coming down steadily.

"This puts an end to all pursuit that may still be going on," said Platoff. "It is impossible for horsemen to travel through the slushy snow. Today we will spend in packing up and preparing for the start."

"But how can we travel better than horses in such weather?" asked Maurice.

"Wait till tomorrow," said Platoff knowingly. "There may be a change."

The Russian's prediction was still unfulfilled when evening came, but some time during the night Maurice woke and sat up shivering. Outside he heard the wind roaring, and a cold air was drifting down the cavern's mouth. Wrapping some of the abandoned clothes about him, he fell asleep again. Then he began to dream. He was riding on horseback over a snowy plain that stretched far in the distance. By his side, mounted on a black horse, was Lora Melikoff, her dark hair streaming in the wind, her cheeks aglow with excitement. A steady tramp, tramp was ringing in his ears—the din of the pursuing Cossacks—and ever and anon rifles cracked sharply and the whistling bullets hissed overhead. But suddenly the plain vanished, and a great black gulf was before them. Faster and faster sped the horses, still closer came the awful chasm, and now they were treading on the brink. Crash, crash! They toppled over the edge. Then came a ringing voice in his ear and a hand on his shoulder:

"Come, get up. The morning has come and the rain is over."

Maurice sat erect, rubbing his eyes with his fists. "Lora—where is Lora?" he asked.

"Ah, you have been dreaming," said Platoff, with a merry laugh. "Come out to the ledge. Did I not predict a change in the weather? Well, it is already here, and tonight we may bid farewell to our cavern."

He led the boys to the opening, and the first touch of the cold, piercing air made them shiver. A cry of astonishment burst from their lips. The sky was intensely blue and clear, and in the sunlight, as far as the eye could reach, hillside, valley and plain sparkled like myriads of diamonds.

"The cold is intense," remarked Platoff, "but it has done us good service. An icy crust has formed on the snow overnight that will bear us. At the same time it is not strong enough for horsemen. Our opportunity for escape could not be better. At sundown we will be off—off for Vladivostok and freedom."

The brave Russian's voice shook with emotion, and a tear trickled slowly down his cheek. Brief as that day really was, it seemed an eternity to the impatient fugitives. The provisions—of which a considerable supply remained—were divided into packages, one for each man.

Platoff took one of the revolvers and the belt of rubles, giving the other revolver to Maurice and the knife to Phil.

The Cossack uniform and the prison clothes, which might have done good service in case of cold or wet, they were compelled to leave in the cavern. To take them along would have imperiled their safety and afforded a sure means of identification. All day long Platoff lay at the cavern's mouth watching the valley.

Not a creature came that way, and when the setting sun was succeeded by a misty twilight he gave the word to start.

Slowly and deliberately they climbed from the ledge to the top of the hill, and standing in the shadow of the seven pine trees glanced back at the darkening valley with its dread associations.

"Forward!" cried Platoff, and turning to the southeast they crossed the ridge and went with cautious steps down the slope beyond.

Alternately sliding and crawling they gained the valley and traveled for an hour or more over the frozen crust. Then a hill loomed darkly before them, and an hour later they reached its crest, weary and footsore.

"There!" exclaimed Platoff with a wave of the hand. "Behold the valley of the Amur!" And glancing down the long frozen slopes the boys saw vaguely and dimly the great water highway that flows to the far Pacific, now chafing and fretting under its icy fetters.

For some minutes they stood thus strangely fascinated by the splendor of the night.

Then the impressive silence was disturbed by a sharp cry from Platoff—a cry that echoed swiftly down the valley from peak to peak, as though giants were signaling each other.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Heirs Afraid of a Bomb.

By way of illustrating the nervousness which the recent explosions have revived here, a queer adventure which has just befallen the heirs of a house owner may be mentioned. They had met at the dwelling of their departed uncle for the purpose of drawing up an inventory of his effects in company with a lawyer and had nearly completed their task when one of them pulled out of a cupboard a metal box, which was laid on the table and which the man of business was about to open, when one of his nieces cried out in horror: "Don't touch it! Look, that is a fuse." Sure enough, there was a little something popping out of the cover. "It is a bomb!" exclaimed the panic stricken heirs in chorus, and then they proceeded to remark that their deceased relative had been a moody, silent and reserved sort of individual, and thence they inferred that he might possibly have been an anarchist. Two of the nephews had had put on their hats and were on the point of rushing off to the office of the nearest police commissary, when the lawyer, who had been quietly inspecting the box, calmly suggested that it might simply contain some preserved fruit. This theory somewhat reassured the men, but the ladies would have their way. The commissary was sent for, and the mysterious box was soon on its way to the municipal laboratory. It was found to contain a pineapple, the stalk of which had been mistaken for a fuse. So the good old uncle, who had been so ungratefully maligned, had not been an anarchist after all.—Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

Early American Bishops.

Before the war for American independence the American Episcopalians, who were connected with the English church, were never suffered to have a bishop among them, but remained under the jurisdiction of the bishop of London. The rite of confirmation was unknown, and every candidate for ordination was obliged to travel to England. Out of 52 candidates who came from America for ordination in 1767 10 died on the voyage. At length, after the United States had been declared independent, Dr. Seabury was ordained bishop of Connecticut by the primus and bishops of Scotland, the prelates of the English church having refused to consecrate him.—London News.

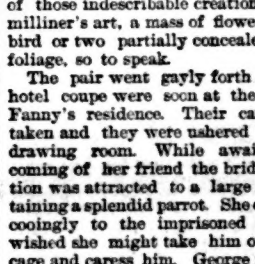
A whistling moth is an Australian rarity. There is a glassy space on the wings crossed with ribs. When the moth wants to whistle, it strikes these ribs with its antennæ, which have a knob at the end. The sound is a love call from the male to the female.

The leaders of a flock of migrating wild geese become tired sooner than others and are frequently relieved by their fellows.

SUFFERING WOMEN.

How Many of Them Have Quietly Obtained Advice That Made Them Well.

My sister, if you find that in spite of following faithfully your family doctor's advice, you are not getting well, why do you not try another course? Many and many a woman has quietly written to Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., stating her symptoms plainly and clearly, and taken her advice, which was promptly received. The following letter is a pretty strong confirmation of our claims:



"I had been sick for six months; one doctor told me I would have to go to a hospital before I would get well. I had female troubles in their worst form, suffered untold agonies every month; my womb tipped back to my backbone, had headache, hysteria, fainting spells, itching, leucorrhœa.

"My feet and hands were cold all the time, my limbs were so weak that I could hardly walk around the house; was troubled with numb spells. I have taken four bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, one bottle of her Blood Purifier, one package of her Sanative Wash, and am entirely cured. I have not had one of those numb spells since. Can you wonder that I sing the praises of a medicine that has cured me of all these ills?"—Mrs. Louisa Place, 650 Belmont St., Brockton, Mass.

POLLY'S DANDER UP.

Inflamed at Sight of an Offensive Bird a Visitor Wore on Her Hat.

A bridal couple who put in several days recently taking in the sights of the capital enjoyed themselves immensely until the day preceding their departure. It then occurred to the bride that she had not called upon "dear Fanny," who had been her chum during her days at the seminary. Now, Fanny was still enjoying single blessedness, and this may have had something to do with the anxiety of the bride to call upon her maiden chum. George demurred feebly, but at last consented to pay a formal call. The bride dressed herself in a fetching gown and placed upon her saucy head a Parisian dream in the way of a hat. The hat was one of those indescribable creations of the milliner's art, a mass of flowers with a bird or two partially concealed in the foliage, so to speak.

The pair went gayly forth and in a hotel coupe were soon at the door of Fanny's residence. Their cards were taken and they were ushered into the drawing room. While awaiting the coming of her friend the bride's attention was attracted to a large cage containing a splendid parrot. She chirruped cooingly to the imprisoned bird and wished she might take him out of his cage and caress him. George remarked that he looked tame enough and suggested the opening of the door of the cage. Suiting action to the word, he opened the door and the released bird calmly walked forth and strutted about, blinking his beady eyes knowingly. The bride, with usual calls of "Poll, pretty Poll!" coaxed the bird toward her, and poll proceeded to climb up the rounds of the chair upon which the lady was sitting and perched herself upon the arm of the chair. The parrot uttered guttural cries of "Polly, Polly," this word seemingly comprising her entire vocabulary.

The bird accepted the caresses, and apparently all was serene, but without an instant's warning she uttered a scream of rage and flew at the lady's headgear, alighting fairly thereon, and then for a few minutes the air was filled with flying feathers and bits of flowers, while the atmosphere was fractured by screams from the bride and discordant cries from the parrot. George attempted to come to the rescue and had his face badly scratched for his pains. The lady finally shook the bird loose from the flower garden she was wearing upon her hat and made one wild dash for the front door, followed closely by the bridegroom. Once on the pavement, they became somewhat composed and determined to return to their hotel to repair damages. They did not tarry long enough to see "dear Fanny."

The sudden wrath of the bird was evidently caused, George thought upon reflection during calmer moments, by the fact that amid the flowers in his wife's hat there nestled a stuffed Caroline parrakeet, which the parrot took to be a real live rival and proceeded forthwith to demolish. The bride is now a thorough convert to the teachings of the Audubon society.—Washington Post.

Clean Shirts In Germany.

The Berlin Boersen-Courier tells about a German's invention of a paper shirt front which is intended to appeal to the large number of continental Germans who wear dickies. The shirt front has a paper collar polish and is in seven layers. As each layer is torn off it reveals another white, glistening front. Thus from one paper dicky the wearer may evolve a clean paper shirt front for every day in the week. The dicky is made to button to any kind of shirt. It costs but 30 pfennig, or about 7 cents; consequently the expense of a clean front is but a cent a day. In view of the prevalence of the dicky habit in Germany the inventor has taken steps to manufacture his compound shirt fronts in large quantities.

Good Argument.

Yabsley—Mudge, what makes you laugh at your own stories?

Mudge—Why shouldn't I? If they were not worth laughing at, I would not tell them.—Indianapolis Journal.

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[PUBLISHED WEEKLY.]

JOHN F. FINERTY,
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CHICAGO, OCTOBER 2, 1897.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—Charles Frohman's Empire Stock Co.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"The Paris Doll."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Man from Mexico."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Ward and Vokes.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Secrets of State."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Vaudeville.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st, between Halsted and Union—Vaudeville.

"We must tolerate one another, or else to'erate the common enemy."—"What Great Britain tramples on in Ireland will rise to sting her in America."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel.
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

THE COMING '98 CELEBRATION.

"Hereditary bondsmen know ye not
Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow,
By your right arms your freedom must be wrought."

Truer words were never spoken than these. We know of no instance where "heriditary bondsmen" achieved their freedom by any other means than by armed force. It may be laid down as an axiom that no people are worthy of freedom who are unwilling to fight for it, and it is extremely doubtful if such a people could defend their liberty if they obtained it in any other way. The men of '98 understood and bravely acted on this principle. The grandest revolution in history, our own, had been accomplished in their time; one-half of the soldiers in the American army, and some of the most brilliant officers, were "bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh." The enemy of America was their own accursed enemy; what could be more natural then than that they should sympathise with and imitate their heroic example? They did so, and like brave men freely accepted all the consequences of their actions. Cold blooded cynics a century after their time set themselves up as judges, to criticize their motives and condemn their errors, whose little souls are too small to appreciate the one or understand the other. No adequate history of that movement, except perhaps Madden's, has yet been written, and even that is almost unknown today, while the enemy's hirelings have devoted themselves to the congenial task of vilifying and slandering the intrepid men who so grandly died that Ireland and her cause might live.

Their centennial, the last manly struggle for Irish liberty till our days, is just at hand, and it is not inopportune to ask what have we or our countrymen at home done to entitle ourselves to commemorate their heroic deeds? When the pilgrims next year visit the uninscribed tomb of Emmet, the holy grave in "Bodenstown churchyard," or the sacred ground where the greatest of all the Geraldines sleeps, what account can they give of their stewardship? In the presence of—

"These dead but sceptered sovereigns, whose ashes still rule
Our spirits from their urns"

must they not hide their heads in shame, or must they confess that the Irish race at last has abandoned the manly methods of their fathers and adopted the safe and cowardly modern style of sending delegates to the foreigner's parliament to whine and beg for crumbs of bread out of the plunder of seven centuries and receive scoffs and sneers and insults; to swear allegiance—oh the shame of it—to a cold blooded old woman who has seen millions of their people die the horrible death of hunger, and have their paltry oaths spat upon and reviled as cowardly perjuries? Must these pilgrims not confess that millions of Irishmen have given their young manhood to the defense of England's felon flag, whose bloody folds have waved over every martyr's grave who has died for them and their country, and even now they are dyeing their hireling bayonets in the blood of the heroic tribesmen of the Hindu Kush and the Himalayas to reduce them to their own servile condition. Are such men worthy to be called the countrymen of the men of '98? No, and so long as the enemy can recruit his piratical armies in Ireland, so long will she be unworthy of the blessed boon of liberty.

"Let us speak the truth if the heavens fall." Even the great advocate of the cowardly doctrine of moral force, O'Connell, used to declare that "England's difficulty was Ireland's opportunity." Who is watching for that difficulty now, and who is preparing for that opportunity? Certainly not the men who have sworn allegiance to the murderers of the Irish race. O'Connell often appealed to the gallant clansmen of old, and had the names of Benburb, Clontibret, the Yellow Ford and Limerick inscribed on his Repeal cards. Which of the leaders of the Irish race of today ever appeals to those heroic souls or the fields where they conquered the enemy's legions? Such names would sound uncouth in the presence of their English masters, and would only provoke their brutal sneers. What right then have these men to mock the glorious memories of the peasant heroes of '98 with their insincere platitudes? If any of the good old patriotism of our fathers yet survives after the demoralizing effects of one hundred years of "peaceable, legal and constitution agitation," it must be in the hearts of the children of those invincible peasants and their compeers in America who in the ranks of the Nationalists, the divisions of the A. O. H., the councils of the National Alliance, are doing the good work of keeping alive the spirit of Irish freedom, and teaching the holy doctrine for which the men of '98 fought and bled and died. May God prosper them and their work. They are Ireland's hope, and in their hands the cause is yet safe.

BRAVE POLICE OFFICERS.

The Chicago police force numbers many brave men in its ranks. Among them is enrolled Officer J. H. McNally, of the Lake Front station, who risked his life in stopping a terrible runaway a few weeks ago, and who was awarded the gold medal for bravery given by Mr. Lytton, of The Hub. Chief Kipley has also promoted him to the position of patrol sergeant. Officer Thomas Garvey, of the West Chicago avenue police station, earned distinction last week by stopping, after desperate efforts, a bad runaway on that thoroughfare, thereby undoubtedly saving a man's life. He, too, deserves a medal, and we hope he will get one. By the way, what are the South Park Commissioners about that they don't recognize the heroes on their force? No city officer has been braver than South Park Patrolman, John McGarigle, who, last summer, stopped three dreadful runaways, in two of which he was badly injured. As a saver of life, Officer McGarigle deserves recognition and certainly should receive it.

DEATH OF CHICAGO'S FAMOUS CENTENARIAN.

Chicago has lost her wonderful centenarian in the death of James Lane, familiarly called "Uncle Jimmie," which occurred on the 23d ult. at the residence of his son-in-law, Lieut. Haas of the police force, No. 531 Garfield avenue. Mr. Lane had completed his 101st year, on the 17th of last March (St. Patrick's Day), having been born in Charleville, County Cork, Ireland, on that day in 1796—a few months before the French expedition under Hoche and Grouchy had appeared in Bantry Bay. He was born in a most remarkable year, for in it, as the Chicago Tribune has pointed out, Washington issued his farewell address to the American people; Robert Burns, the sweetest of all lyric poets, died; Napoleon became the commander-in-chief of the army of Italy, and began that astonishing, meteor-like military career which terminated at Waterloo; the great, but immoral, Empress Catherine of Russia died, and the State of Tennessee, now celebrating its centennial, was admitted into the Union. Mr. Lane had seen the map of Europe changed several times during his long career; was old enough to remember "the war of '12" and the downfall of Napoleon; had reached ripe middle age when the war with Mexico broke out, and was already an old man when the Flag was fired upon at Sumter. Many men have lived to a greater age than "Jimmie" Lane, but hardly any one so perfectly retained his mental and physical vigor to the very last. In fact he seemed perfectly well the evening preceding his death, and the end came so gently, and so suddenly, that the good old man suffered no pain in departing from the world he had dwelt in so long. His venerable, but vigorous, form and intelligent face, will be missed from the gatherings of the old settlers, and the great Irish National demonstrations at Ogden Grove, at which he was ever a regular, and enthusiastic, attendant. It was a treat to see "Uncle Jimmie" dance an Irish jig with some pretty partner, on August 15. Notwithstanding his light heartedness, he was always a dignified old gentleman, and knew how to repulse undue familiarity, which, in his case, was rarely attempted. He was sincerely devoted to the Irish National cause, and had a rich fund of anecdote relating to Daniel O'Connell, Richard Lalor Shiel, O'Gorman Mahon, Tom Steele and the other eminent Irish leaders of his youthful days.

Mr. Lane's father was a prosperous dyer of Charleville, and was able to give his son a good education, which helped him vastly in his after life. After finishing at school, he became an employe in his father's establishment and rose to the position of salesman, which he retained for some years, and then determined to try his fortune in the United States. He arrived in Chicago some time in the year 1836, but could not fix the exact date of that important event. He had many adventures before reaching here, and, being throughout his life an active pedestrian, made the journey from New York to Prescott on the St. Lawrence on foot. He made the rest of the journey via Detroit to Michigan City as best he could, and rode from the latter place to Chicago in a wagon. At first he was a guest at Beaubien's hotel, Lake and Wells streets, but subsequently found accomodation with an Irish-American family named Murphy. He then began to feel quite at home, and soon found lucrative employment as an auctioneer and valuator, for the real estate firm of Montgomery & Patterson. The Indians, at that time, were disposing of their lands, and Mr. Lane, out of his savings, purchased a farm near Kenosha, Wis., and also invested in some town lots in the vicinity of Dearborn avenue and Illinois street, which proved the anchorage of his fortunes.

Mr. Lane married, in 1839, Miss Mary Higgins, and the nuptials were celebrated, with more than usual eclat for that period, at the Catholic church, situated at Lake and State streets, of which the Rev. Father O'Mara was pastor. There were not many Catholics in Chicago at the time, but the bishop of the diocese, which included part of this State and Indiana, graced the occasion by his presence, and the non-Catholic friends of the popular couple filled the sacred edifice. The course of true love ran smoothly in this case, and the Lanes prospered exceedingly. Mrs. Lane passed away to her heavenly reward many years ago, but four daughters, Mrs. Louis Haas, Mrs. John Kelly, Mrs. John J. Healy and Mrs. Curtin survive their parents, and are all residents of this city. Mr. Lane was, in politics, a Democrat, and was a close personal friend of the lamented Stephen A. Douglas. He served a term in the city council in 1847-49, but declined a re-election, and never sought for another office, although he never, like the good citizen he was, failed to cast his vote at each recurring election. Mr. Lane lived a true and honorable life, and, during his long career, enjoyed the respect and friendship of the whole community.

A WORD OF SYMPATHY.

THE CHICAGO CITIZEN is sincerely sorry to note that the households of three of its friends, William H. O'Brien, James G. Powers and J. L. Monahan, have recently been afflicted by the unsparing hand of death. A child—a beloved child—has been called away in each case, and what can we do, under such sad conditions, but express our heartfelt sympathy for the afflicted parents and our hope that God will comfort them in their great sorrow?

IRELAND'S CASE BRIEFLY STATED.

We have seen a great many statements of the grievances of Ireland under British rule, but we don't remember to have seen the case put more succinctly, or more forcibly, than in the subjoined letter recently addressed by a distinguished citizen of Milwaukee to an influential journal of that city, and we gladly give it publication:

Editor of The Daily News: A few days since in commenting upon a probable famine in Ireland by reason of the destruction of her crops, you made the reflection "That Ireland was a good country to emigrate from." It does seem strange that the most productive country in the world in proportion to its size in everything which goes to sustain human life, should be the home of periodic famine, but the paradox is easy of explanation.

Ireland is about the size of Wisconsin. In 1795, just five years before the union of the Irish and English Parliaments, or perhaps speaking more accurately, before the destruction of the Irish Parliament, the public debt of Ireland was three millions of pounds. In 1801 when the union was consumated by a single touch of government bookkeeping the public debt of Ireland was made twenty-eight millions of pounds. In other words, England abolished Ireland's Parliament and charged her twenty-five millions of pounds for the job. Fourteen years later, when this same government manipulator of figures adjusted the expenses of Napoleon's war, he doubled the public debt of England and quadrupled Ireland's public debt, as if Ireland had double the interest in Napoleon's overthrow which England had. This second touch of English bookkeeping brought Ireland's public debt to one hundred and twelve millions of pounds. If we add to this vast amount the tax which Ireland pays in excess of her just share as reported to Parliament by the commission appointed under Mr. Gladstone of several million pounds a year, together with the twenty million of pounds paid in rents to absentee landlords, we will find a sum which would reduce the State of Wisconsin to far deeper human misery than the Irish people are now reduced to by the government robbery of England.

The real issue between England and Ireland is not one of sentiment, but of money, and no one knows this better than John Bull. For the purpose of pure robbery Ireland is worth more to England than all her other possessions.

JEREMIAH QUIN.

We do not, however, agree with Mr. Quin when he says that "the real issue between England and Ireland is not one of sentiment." He ought to have qualified it by saying it was not *entirely* one of sentiment, for much that is practical, as he himself has ably pointed out, is mixed with it. But, if England were to bless Ireland with a beneficent rule, instead of cursing her with a diabolical one, Ireland would still be entitled to demand her liberty and to work out her own salvation according to her own desires. God never gave any nation the moral right to bind another by its laws. The right of conquest ought to be written the might of conquest, which is merely murder and robbery on a large scale, and gives no moral claim to the conqueror over the conquered. England, as a matter of fact, rules Ireland, not by conquest, but by result of broken treaties, sustaining her false position by the aid of military brute force. She has no more moral right to rule Ireland than she has to rule Switzerland.

DEATH OF MRS. M. V. GANNON.

We learn with unfeigned regret, as we are about to go to press, of the sudden and premature death of Mrs. M. V. Gannon, wife of the distinguished jurist and patriot, at her residence in this city. We can do no more this week than express the profound sympathy we feel for the afflicted husband. Next week we will give a full account of the sad event.

THE IRISH FAMINE.

We are informed by cable that Mr. John Dillon, M. P., and other Irish members of the house of commons have sent a memorial to Mr. Arthur J. Balfour, first lord of the treasury, and government leader in the house, urgently requesting that parliament be summoned to meet immediately for the purpose of voting funds for the relief of large districts in Ireland which the memorialists allege are threatened with famine and ruin owing to the failure of the potato crops, weather-spoiled grain and general agricultural depression. The memorial asserts that a great majority of the tenants in Ireland will be ruined if they are compelled to pay full rents during the coming winter, and that this will lead to agitation and disturbance. Nevertheless, the landlords will exact their pound of flesh to the last fibre, and England will back them in their demands, with lead and steel if necessary. The Irish are in the clutches of a devil, as they have been for centuries. If they had what belongs to them, there would be no famine. As Tim Healy recently said in "the commons," "We want none of your charity. Give us back our money."

WE regret the death of Capt. Quinton Campbell, of the Times-Herald, which resulted from an accident, on Monday. He was a good newspaper man, and had a highly honorable record as a soldier. Complaint is made by some of the daily papers that sufficient attention was not paid to his case by the attending physicians at the county hospital.

TORPEDO boats may make enemies feel uncomfortable, but they are deadly to friends. One of them upset in German waters the other day and drowned a "serene highness" and several unfortunate "lownesses," who had families to look after.

LIEUT. PEARY, U. S. N., says that, next year, he is "going to reach the pole or die." May God have mercy on his soul.

ANDREE must have had a large flock of pigeons in that balloon.

GEN. LORD WOLSELEY is not one of those British warriors who bank on the "glory" of the past and live in a fool's paradise. He does not consider the British army, as constituted at present, "the greatest fighting machine on earth." On the contrary in a speech delivered before the corporation of Glasgow the other day, the general said: "The navy has been restored to its ancient and proud pre-eminence, but it is arrant folly to declare that only the navy is required for our protection. Great Britain requires a moderate-sized army of perfect quality to protect these islands, and to hold her coal stations beyond the seas."

THE terms of the strike settlement were ratified by the Chicago School Board on the 22d inst. by a vote of 11 to 2. The ayes were Messrs. Brenan, Cusack, Pettibone, Schneider, Keating, Gallagher, Sherwood and Harris. Mesdames Hull, Frake and Sherman—11. Nays, Messrs. Harper and Strong—2. The special strike committee from the school board were Messrs. Keating, Gallagher, Harris, Mark and Pettibone. In recording their votes in favor of the report Messrs. Mark and Pettibone explained that they had come to the agreement with the union labor party only because of the extreme urgency for the completion of school buildings. They believe the board has no legal right to insert the clause, and that Judge Tuley will so decide. Mrs. Frake also expressed the same opinion, and Mr. Gallagher said he considered the power of the board more than doubtful. The other assenting members, it is understood, think the Board has the legal power of insertion.

WHILE England has been rejoicing, like the ghoul she is, over the alleged fatal illness of brave Oom Paul, of the Boer Republic, that able functionary has had it telegraphed the world over that he never was in better health than at present. As a consequence there is gloom in London.

THE Hon. Hugh R. Belknap, representative in Congress from the 2nd Illinois district, was married recently to Miss Meta V. Steele, daughter of the Hon. George W. Steele, Congressman, of Marion, Ind. We heartily congratulate the happy pair.

MISS AGNES ST. CLAIR MULCROWEY, of Horn Head, County Donegal, Ireland, recently arrived in this country with $2,000 in gold in her possession. She claimed to be a niece of the late Capt. Simon O'Donnell. Miss Mulcrowey has gone to St. Paul, Minn.

SHERIFF MARTIN, the official who had command of the deputies who fired on the people needlessly at Lattimer, Pa., a few weeks ago, thereby killing twenty-five men and wounding three times as many, has been held for trial, with all his men, in bonds of $6,000 each. This is as it should be. Let justice be done even though sheriffs fall.

REV. CANON MOYNAHAN, of the Peoria Catholic diocese, recently visited Ireland, and met in the city of Cork a man who told him he had saved $5,000 after being in the United States twenty-four years, but had lost every cent of it in Ireland. The canon told him it served him right, in a measure, for he had taken it back to spend it on Irish lords and English soldiers. We were not previously aware that returned Irish-Americans consorted with lords and soldiers in Ireland.

THE Mackin estate has been appraised and divided into two equal halves, amounting each to $603,121—an aggregate of $1,207,258. One-half goes to John Mackin, son of the deceased millionaire; and the other to the heirs of Alice Mackin Philbin, the daughter, recently deceased.

THE Columbian Catholic Summer school last week elected officers for the ensuing year as follows: Rt.-Rev. S. G. Messner of Green Bay, Wis., was re-elected president of the board. Rev. J. J. Keogh of Milwaukee and C. B. Fallen of St. Louis, were elected vice-presidents, and P. L. McLaughlin was re-elected secretary.

OBITUARY.

MR. EDWARD MELODY.

Mr. Edward Melody, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Melody, No. 3117 Prairie avenue, died of consumption at the family residence on Tuesday of last week. He was a most promising young man, and his death, at the early age of 23 years, is a bitter affliction to his father, mother and other near relatives, who have been already frequently bereaved. Mr. Melody's malady developed about three years ago and, up to the period of his death, he was a constant sufferer, but he offered up all sufferings to the Redeemer who died for him and passed tranquilly away in the hope of eternal happiness in the better land. The funeral occurred on Thursday morning of last week from the house to St. James' church, where requiem high mass was offered up by Rev. F. S. Henneberry, pastor of St. Pius church, of which the Rev. J. W. Melody, brother of the deceased, is assistant pastor, assisted by the Rev. Fathers Quinn and O'Brien. Father D. J. Riordan preached the funeral sermon, which was eloquent and affecting. At the conclusion of the religious services, the remains were escorted by a large cortege to Calvary cemetery, where they were laid to rest. R. I. P.

MR. PETER M'GURN.

Mr. Peter McGurn, of No. 350 Sixty-first street, died Wednesday night of last week at his home of consumption. He was born at Lockport, N. Y., about sixty years ago and had lived in Englewood twenty-seven years, where he was well known as a flour dealer. For many years he had operated on the Board of Trade and was at one time a member of the School Board of District No. 2, when the old towns of Hyde Park and Lake comprised that district. Two years ago illness compelled Mr. McGurn to retire from business. He leaves a widow and two adopted children.

JUDGE KILGORE.

ARDMORE, I. T., Sept. 23.—United States Judge Kilgore, ex-Congressman from Texas, died here this afternoon after a short illness. He began sinking this morning. He regained consciousness at noon, and, after calling his wife and children to his bedside and kissing them, died almost immediately. The funeral will take place tomorrow, the body being taken to Wills Point, Tex., for burial.

FUNERAL OF IRUS COY.

The funeral of Irus Coy, for twenty years general solicitor for the Union Stock Yards and Transit Company, took place at 2:30 o'clock Thursday afternoon of last week at the family residence, 3334 Michigan avenue. It was largely attended. Rev. Howard Agnew Johnston, of the Forty-first Street Presbyterian church, officiated. The casket was surrounded by floral offerings from the National Live Stock Bank, State Board of Agriculture and from the Union Stock Yards and Transit Company. The honorary pallbearers were George A. Springer, M. L. Moss, R. Z. Herrick, L. B. Doud, J. H. Ashby, L. J. Lampson. The active pallbearers were R. E. Pratt, E. H. Herrick, S. E. Wood, G. Williams, J. T. Denison and Morris Cochran. Interment was at Oakwoods.

HOLY ANGELS' CHURCH DEDICATED.

The beautiful Catholic church of the Holy Angels, on Oakwood boulevard, Rev. D. A. Tighe pastor, was solemnly dedicated last Sunday morning, in the presence of a vast congregation. The Archbishops and Bishops present at the service were the Most Rev. P. A. Feehan of Chicago, the dedicator; the Rt.-Rev. Maurice F. Burke, D. D., of St. Joseph, Mo., the Rt.-Rev. John Clancy, D. D., of Elphin, Ireland, the Rt.-Rev. John L. Spalding, D. D., of Peoria, and Bishop Dunn of Dallas, Tex., formerly of Chicago. All the Chicago parishes were represented by priests, and other clergymen were present from Cleveland, Buffalo, Milwaukee, Philadelphia and from many towns in the interior of Illinois.

The dedicatory service began with a procession of the clergy led by Archbishop Feehan. A circuit of the exterior of the church was made and then the surpliced priests passed through the side aisles, following the head of the diocese and the visiting bishops, who sprinkled the walls with consecrated water, while the choir and people chanted the Litany of the Saints.

At the completion of the dedication proper a pontifical high mass was celebrated with Bishop Burke as celebrant. The deacon was the Rev. Hugh McGuire of St. James' church, Chicago, and the subdeacon was the Rev. Father Coughlin of Philadelphia. The deacons of honor were the Rev. Daniel Riordan of Chicago and the Rev. Father Morrissey, president of Notre Dame University. The masters of ceremony were Fathers Mooney and Gill.

The music of the mass was of a high order, from Mendelssohn's "March of the Priests" to Meyerbeer's "Coronation March." The offertorium "Ave," was a soprano solo with a violin obligato. The sermon was preached by Bishop Clancy, who came from the west of Ireland to be present at the dedication. The topic was, in substance: "We Have Builded Him a House Where He May Abide."

The dedicatory exercises were concluded in the evening, when the edifice was illuminated with the thousands of incandescent electric lights. Pontifical vespers were sung by Bishop Clancy in the presence of a congregation nearly as large as that present at the mass. The sermon was by the Rt.-Rev. John L. Spalding. There was an elaborate musical programme, the soloists being Miss Marcella Reilly, soprano; Miss Elizabeth Graham, alto; Adolph Rest, tenor; Charles Asmus, baritone, and Alois Jilly, basso. The organist was Clarence Dickinson, and the orchestra was under the direction of Adolph Rosenbecker. There was a chorus of 120 voices, including the Holy Family church choir, which volunteered its services.

In the interval between the services a repast was served at the parochial residence, in which all the visiting prelates and priests participated. Father Tighe was heartily congratulated.

HYMENEAL.

O'NEILL-MORAN.

Miss Etta Moran, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Moran, of Cascade, Ia., was united in marriage to Mr. Cornelius J. O'Neill, of Vicksburg, Miss., at St. Malachi's church, Cascade, Wednesday week. The bride was attended by her life-long friend and schoolmate, Miss Frances Fagan, and the best man was Mr. John A. Hennessy, of Vicksburg. The Rev. Father Roche performed the nuptial rite, and celebrated the nuptial mass, at which Mrs. J. H. Weber and Misses Loes and Reddin assisted vocally. The bride was gowned in a beautiful costume of white organdie, and wore a wreath upon which was caught a white veil which enveloped her. She carried a bouquet of Marechal Neil roses. At her throat glistened an elegant diamond and pearl brooch, the gift of the groom. The bridesmaid wore an exquisite gown of pink crepe de chine, and carried bride's roses. The bridal couple, after the reception at the home of the bride's parents, left on the Great Western train for an extended tour in the Northwest.

Health Means a perfect condition of the whole system. Pure blood is essential to perfect health. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes pure blood and thus gives health and happiness.

Hood's Pills are the favorite family cathartic and liver medicine. Price 25c.

ALD. BRENNAN WELCOMED.

Last Wednesday night week was Ald. Brennan night on the west side. At the Rock Island station several hundred of his constituents yelled themselves hoarse when he was seen to alight from a Lake Shore train that arrived at 8:58 o'clock. From the train the 18th ward alderman, just returned from a trip to Ireland, was hurried into a hack drawn by four white horses and the parade started, headed by a platoon of police in charge of Lieut. Stanton, followed by DeBaugh's band. Behind the band rode Ald. Brennan and following him were two hundred hacks filled with his friends. The line of march was east on Vanburen to Clark, north to Madison, west to Centre avenue, thence south to the alderman's residence at 82 Centre avenue. For nearly an hour the car service was completely blocked and the sidewalks were lined with spectators. At Ald. Brennan's home two hundred persons crowded the street and clamored for a speech from him, but instead they listened to a short address from Armand F. Teefy. Then the alderman's friends were invited in to seek refreshments.

That Terrible Scourge.

Malarial disease is invariably supplemented by disturbance of the liver, the bowels, the stomach and the nerves. To the removal of both the cause and its effects Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is fully adequate. It "fills the bill" as no other remedy does, performing its work thoroughly. Its ingredients are pure and wholesome, and it admirably serves to build up a system broken by ill-health and shorn of strength. Constipation, liver and kidney complaint and nervousness are conquered by it.

A. O. H. GOSSIP.

Important Meeting of the State Board of the Ancient Order of Hibernians at Joliet—Discussion of Insurance Propositions — Further Consideration Deferred.

The State Officers Authorized to Levy an Assessment of 30 Cents to Meet Balance of Term's Expenses Until May, 1898—Interesting Entertainment at the Opera House.

The State Board of the A. O. H. of Illinois met in Joliet on Saturday, the 25th ult., and remained in session until late on Sunday night. The representation from the counties was indicative of the interest taken in the event by the organization throughout the State. In every case where the county president was unable to attend his proxy put in appearance with proper credentials. Prominent among those present were State President J. T. Keating, State Treasurer James Costello, State Secretary Daniel McGlynn, Brothers Jas. Glynn, Michael Dinneen, John F. Quinn, P. F. Wallace, Daniel S. Tuohy, W. F. Reilly, John McDonnell, John Downs, John Coughlin, Wm. Reynolds, John Barry, P. B. Flanagan, J. Keating, John Caveny, John O'Brien, John Dougherty, Ed. Keating, Charles T. Quigley, J. S. Slattery, E. Harrigan, J. C. Welch, E. Richmond, John Murphy, P. J. Burns and others.

The St. Nicholas Hotel was headquarters for the visitors, and as each was accompanied by one or more friends, the hostelry was quite a busy place.

The board met in Woodmen's hall, the comfort of which added much to the enjoyment of the sessions.

The rich and varied decoration of the lodge rooms was a revelation to those who were not familiar with the scale on which the Joliet A. O. H. act the hosts. The rich carpets and splendid drapery were in keeping with the splendid awnings and embroidered screens which kept out the glare of the afternoon sun. With rare thoughtfulness iced refreshments were served on the strictest temperance plan, during the lengthened sessions, which probably was the reason the debates were so prolonged.

Among the beautiful emblems and charters which decorated the walls hung the picture of an armed military leader, about whose identity there was some amusing speculation on the part of Brothers Flanagan, Reilly and Downs. The first named believing it was Sarsfield without his wig, the second was confident it was Smith O'Brien, and the last mentioned asserted it was Ma,or McClure, the chairman of the military committee at the Danville convention.

The business proper of the State Board commenced with an address from the presiding officer, followed by hearing reports on appeals and grievances. Dispatch distinguished the efforts of the board, and in a couple of hours all had been disposed of, including giving instructions to the State officers to proceed at the earliest opportunity to Jacksonville and settle some long deferred disputes among the Morgan county Hibernians.

The committee of insurance appointed at the last State convention reported the inadvisability of attempting to institute the endowment branch with our present membership, and recommending that the same be submitted to the National convention. It was also deemed better not to have any indirect connection with insurance after the plan adopted by the A. O. H. of Pennsylvania. The debate on this section of the report was very interesting and was kept at full blast until, after three hours' discussion, the vote was taken shelving the matter for some time.

The report on finance and organization showed a need of more cash and an increase in membership of nearly one thou-and. The total membership has more than doubled since the East St. Louis convention of 1894. After a discussion of ways and means, the State Board authorized the state officers to levy an assessment of thirty (30) cents to meet balance of term expenses until May, 1898. The Board approved of the economical management of the funds and indorsed the plans for organization submitted by the state officers.

An interesting discussion of the Sunday picnic and Saturday night dance question brought out a most flattering result. It can be marked down as a certain thing that the State Board of the A. O. H. of Illinois are almost without exception against Sunday picnics and Saturday night dances, and also against the sale of liquor at any entertainments of the Order. Brother P. B. Flanagan's earnest words were warmly applauded, as he in cheering terms commented on the remarkable significance of the expression of Hibernian sentiment on one of the problems of modern sociology.

The expenses of delegates to state and national conventions was under discussion for some time, and the enormous waste of money resulting from same was pointed out in striking figures. The mileage and per diem system seemed to be most popular, but no definate action was taken pending the convention in Peoria next year.

Resolutions sympathizing with the relatives and family of Mrs. Heffernan, State Secretary of the Ladies' Auxiliary, were adopted.

The reports from the several counties were very encouraging and showed that the missionary spirit was alive among the Irish-Americans of the cities in Illinois. The Board adjourned sine die, at a late hour, after receiving and accepting an invitation to attend a musical and literary entertainment in the Opera house.

The entertainment was a magnificent success, and a crowded house greeted the visitors as they mounted the platform. A lengthy programme regaled the visitors with rare selections of song and elocution. Speeches, of course, from Brothers Dan McGlynn and Daniel S. Tuohy fired the audience with enthusiasm. Lack of space prevents lengthened comment on one of the most popular meetings held in the Stone city. I had almost forgotten the masterly address of Brother John Donoghue whose wit has so often cheered the sad and inspired the faint hearted. It was a splendidly expressed opinion of a great work.

The members have reason to congratulate themselves on the work of the State Board meeting, and it would be well if that body met oftener to talk and plan for the good of the Order.

MOR.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (cause l by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

A GOOD THING

For Women to Remember.

That in addressing Mrs. Pinkham they are communicating with a woman—a woman whose experience in treating woman's ills is greater than that of any living physician—male or female.

A woman can talk freely to a woman when it is revolting to relate her private troubles to a man—besides, a man does not understand—simply because he is a man.

Many women suffer in silence and drift along from bad to worse, knowing full well that they should have immediate assistance, but a natural modesty impels them to shrink from exposing themselves to the questions and probable examinations of even their family physician. It is unnecessary. Without money or price you can consult a woman, whose knowledge from actual experience is greater than any local physician living.

The following invitation is freely offered; accept it in the same spirit:

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to freely communicate with Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read and answered by women only, and thus has been established the eternal confidence between Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America which has never been broken and has induced more than 100,000 sufferers to write her for advice during the last four months. Out of the vast volume of experience which she has to draw from, it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge that will help your case. She asks nothing in return except your good-will, and her advice has relieved thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, is very foolish if she does not take advantage of this generous offer of assistance.—Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

An Old Nurse for Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of five cents per loaf.

Daily Trains to Colorado, Utah and California.

Commencing at 10 p. m., Sept. 12, and every night thereafter at the same hour, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway train will leave the Union Passenger Station (Canal and Adams streets, Chicago) with elegantly equipped Palace Sleeping Cars for Denver and other Colorado points, with through connections at Denver for Salt Lake City, Ogden, San Francisco and points in Southern California. The route to Denver is via Omaha and Lincoln, Neb., and is first class in every respect. All the modern facilities of travel are included in this direct route to Colorado—the Eldorado of the West. The allied lines, composing the route, viz., the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway—Chicago to Omaha—and the Rock Island & Pacific—Omaha to Denver and Colorado Springs—have united to make this the most popular route to all points west of the Missouri river. Sleeping car reservations may be made two weeks in advance by calling at the city ticket office of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, 95 Adams street, Chicago, or by letter or postal card addressed to C. N. SOUTHER, city ticket agent. Telephone Main 2190.

IRISH DAY IN DIXIE.

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

and despoiler? (Applause.) Without her people Ireland would be a body without a soul. Her sons could, then, say with the Venetian exile, lamenting the light of liberty:

Thou sunny ray of beauty!
Oh whither hast thou flown?
My native land, why art thou
But water now and stone?

Such an abandonment would reflect discreditably on the Irish race when another ancient race that has borne the stripes of persecution for nearly 2,000 years were engaged in a movement to liberate the land of their fathers from the yoke of the Saracen. The Hebrews still loved and well remembered the mountains of Moab, the valleys of Judea and the waves of the Jordan. They were organizing—following out the dream of George Eliot, as revealed in Daniel Deronda—to win back the land where Solomon reigned, arrayed in all his glory, for the scattered children of Israel. (Applause.) The Irish, although, like the Jews, scattered by tyrant rule to the very ends of the earth, have never entirely lost their land, but clung to it with a desperate fidelity, which has baffled all the arts and all the force of England to overcome. (Applause.)

The speaker then proceeded to deal with the question of responsibility for the viciousness of British rule in Ireland. One of the preceding speakers had placed the blame entirely on the English governing classes, by which was meant the monarch and the aristocracy—the executive and legislative branches of the government. That was a popular error. The queen and the parliament were to be blamed—deeply to be blamed—but so also were the majority of the British people. (Applause.) There was never a time since the period of Cromwell that the English people had not been responsible for their government. They had always had it in their power to be merciful to Ireland—to compel their government to be merciful to her—but they had made no sign. They acted in the same heartless and indifferent manner that called forth condemnation in the American Declaration of Independence, when the English people were held up before the world as aiders and abettors of the crimes of their king. (Applause.) Gladstone asked them to do Ireland even partial justice in 1886 and they refused—even as the lords did in 1893—something the latter would never have done if they had not felt that English public opinion was at their back. Gladstone had then prophesied that what England refused to Ireland as an act of ordinary justice, she would one day be compelled to yield, not graciously, but "under the influence of abject terror." ("Hear" and applause.) The English people well knew, through the reports of their own government commissioners, that Ireland, even according to English "law," was robbed of $12,500,000 a year by overtaxation, and yet they did not call out to their government to cease the work of wholesale robbery. (Applause.) The spirit of greed was so deeply implanted in the nature of that people that they had become blind to justice, deaf to mercy and callous to public opinion. (Applause.) For his own part, he believed that England never would yield to the demands of Ireland, and that Ireland would never obtain her rights until opportunity offering, she resorted to the same means to obtain them that America had done. (Prolonged cheers.)

He was glad to see the men clothed in blue and gray, who had braved the blasts of battle for the causes they believed to be right, marching that day under the Stars and Stripes and the Green Flag of old Ireland. (Applause.) It was a noble spectacle, and the Irish people would do well to take a leaf in the lesson of national unity from the grand book of American reconciliation. (Great applause.) If the old Unionists and Confederates, with the scars of honorable wounds, mutually inflicted, on their bronzed faces, could shake hands and mingle as brethren, why could not Ireland's Orange and Green, whose sentimental wounds were more than two hundred years old, come together and be friends in the cause of their common country? Oh, it was a noble lesson those Union and Confederate veterans had taught, and their splendid action recalled the prophetic lines of an Irish-American Union soldier, who was also a distinguished poet, Gen. Charles Graham Halpine ("Miles O'Reilly"), when he sang:

And the day is not far distant
When our equal boast will be
That our country's crown is glistened
By Grant, Farragut and Lee:
By Stonewall Jackson's front of flame,
By Sherman, swift and keen,
And Sheridan, whose deathless name
Proclaims he wore the Green!
(Loud and prolonged cheering).

The speaker, in answer to the suggestion that Ireland's opportunity to strike might never come, instanced other subject nations that by wisdom, perseverance and the exercise of force at a critical time, threw off the yoke of foreign oppression. Empires as great as that of Britain had crumbled before circumstances and combinations. Ireland should never despair while Greece and Holland, and Belgium and Portugal and Switzerland stood up unfettered among the nations, and the liberty of all had been purchased, in spite of the strength of great empires, with the heart's blood of the brave. (Applause).

He called attention to the fact that in every place where the flag of England waved over a subject nation, there was, today, a spirit of hatred and resistance to her infamous rule, which bred pestilence and famine. (Applause.)

Referring briefly to the "Scotch-Irish," the speaker described them as "unhappy gentlemen who were destitute of a previous nationality." (Laughter and applause.) The "Scotch-Irish" had claimed everything in sight, and more, too. (Laughter.) However, the Irish-Irish—the straight Irish—could afford to laugh at them, as the former numbered more than 20,000,000 in this country, leaving out entirely, for the sake of argument, those who had come here before 1847. It was easy enough to compute their capabilities of growth. Cromwell, in 1649, left Ireland with about 800,000 souls. In 1691 the population had increased to 1,100,000. In 1740, to 3,000,000. In 1800, notwithstanding penal laws, famine, Catholic emigration to France and Protestant emigration to America, to 5,000,000. In 1848, it had increased to 8,500,000. (Applause.) Since then, English rule had cut them down nearly one half. Four millions, or nearly that number, had come to America in fifty years. With no obstruction in their path, were they not, therefore, capable of improving on their record in Ireland? (Laughter and applause.) The claim that there were 20,000,000 people of Irish birth, or immediate descent, in America was, all the circumstances considered, a modest one, and to this great mass of population—the rank and file of the Irish race—much of the glory and prosperity of America was due. (Applause.)

Nobody had ever heard of the Scotch-Irish until they came to America. Here they sought to rob both the real Irish and the real Scotch of all credit. Nobody ever heard much about genuine Scotchmen in the United States, and he would suggest to all emigrant Scotchmen—remembering the great record the Scotch-Irish had manufactured for themselves because of their Irish sojourn—to sleep a few nights in Ireland before venturing to this country, if they desired to accomplish great things. (Laughter and applause.) There were, however, two Scotch-Irishmen, whose names were well known in America, of whose deeds their kindred never boasted in public—Maj.-Gen. Ross, who burned Washington in 1814, and Maj.-Gen. Packenham, Wellington's brother-in-law, whom their fellow-citizen, Andrew Jackson, had defeated and killed in 1815. (Great applause.)

Henry Grattan, more than a hundred years ago, in the Irish parliament, speaking of the persecution visited on the Irish Presbyterians and Catholics who were forced to emigrate, uttered this memorable prophecy: "What Great Britain tramples upon in Ireland will rise to sting her in America." (Great applause.) Had not that prophecy been fulfilled? Did they remember the fate of the late infamous Anglo-American Arbitration Treaty? He would compliment the South on the fact that its senators did their duty well and nobly in that connection (applause), and the brave Southern leader of the opposition to that treaty, Senator John T. Morgan, deserved, and would receive, immortal honor. (Continued applause.) But it was the Irish-American sentiment, permeating the land, that had made the victory of American over British interests possible. The Irish immigrant was ever faithful to the flag that gave him shelter and liberty. (Applause.) Not alone was his loyalty proven in America, but on the continent of Europe, and on other continents as well. Austria was proud of her Irish Nugents, O'Reillys and Taaffes; Russia of her gallant Lacy; Spain of her proud O'Donnells; Bolivia of her dauntless O'Higgins; France of her glorious Marshal MacMahon, the heroic Duke of Magenta. (Prolonged applause.) He came of a race of soldiers second to none the world had ever seen—the chevaliers of the Irish Brigade of France, who had placed on the brow of Ireland the fadeless laurels of Cremona and Fontenoy. (Prolonged cheers.) The defeat of the Anglo-American Arbitration Treaty was America's Fontenoy. (Renewed cheering.)

He recalled these services to rebuke the narrow bigotry which, in some sections of the country, sought to persecute the Irishman, especially when he happened to be a Catholic. Had such so-called Americans forgotten the services of Catholic France, of Catholic Poland, of Catholic Ireland? (Applause.) He should have said of both Catholic and Presbyterian Ireland, for the Presbyterians of the Revolution were Irishmen, too—to the last man. (Applause.) What kind of sympathy did Protestant England extend to suffering America at that time? (Laughter and applause.) He was sick of the cant which appealed to common language, common religion and common interests. The English language was the tongue in which America and Ireland were assailed by British statesmen, and by the British press. England hated no country on the earth, not even excepting Ireland, more than she did America, and to this sentiment of hatred, the British press, more honest than the government, gave unmistakable expression. (Applause.) Every order to strike down American liberty had been uttered in the English tongue and no other. (Applause.) As for a common religion, that was no guarantee of friendship, for co-religionists were often racial enemies. Of interests, we had none in common with Great Britain—she knows and hates us as her greatest commercial rival. (Applause.)

Continuing he said: If Ireland remains crushed by England it will be a reproach to all of us. Some of us may have been born in America, but let us not forget Ireland. He said there was no danger of the Irish being destroyed as a nation, for no nationality will ever be destroyed that has survived such persecutions. He asked the Americans to remember the services of the Irish to them, and when the time came to reciprocate these services.

In closing his speech Mr. Finerty drew a parallel between the sufferings of the Americans before their independence was obtained and the Irish in their present condition. He said: Do not say that the struggle is over, because Ireland is still under the British yoke. Remember the trials of the soldiers in the Revolutionary war. Remember the hardships at Valley Forge. Remember how they struggled for liberty, which was the prize they sought and won. (Applause.) The same God that had guided them to victory, through blood and fire and protracted agony, would also lead to victory the Irish people if, like the Americans, they aided themselves, healed their quarrels and, in a word, proved themselves entirely worthy, as did the Revolutionary patriots, of the Divine assistance, which was never entirely withheld from those who battled for the right. (Prolonged cheering.)

At the conclusion of Mr. Finerty's speech, the meeting adjourned for dinner. The Rev. George W. Pepper, of Ohio, addressed the afternoon meeting. We are obliged, for want of space, to hold over Dr. Pepper's eloquent speech until next week's issue of THE CITIZEN.

P. B. FLANAGAN, ATTORNEY, 1315-17 ASHLAND BLOCK.

ESTATE OF ROSE CONLON, DECEASED—All persons having claims against the estate of Rose Conlon, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of November A. D. 1897, being the 15th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, September 29, 1897.

JOSEPH D. CONLON, Administrator.

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FIGHTS AMONG TARS.

SAILORS OF THE NAVY EVER READY WITH THEIR FISTS.

The Unavoidable Causes of Friction—Simple Things Start the Quarrels, and Then They Must Be Settled—Bruised Combatants "Fell Down a Ladder."

The regulation against fighting is perhaps the deadest of all naval regulations. It is impossible of enforcement. If it were enforced to the letter, pretty nearly all hands among the men forward would be in the "brig" from one year's end to the other. Fighting is practically a necessary evil among men who wear their country's uniform for a livelihood. Officers of experience blink at it. They know the bad, contaminating results of bitterness between a pair of bluejackets under the forecastle. They have learned that it is better the thing should be fought out and done with than that dozens of men should be drawn into a quarrel that festers and grows unless the head of it is broken by a decisive battle between the two men who have been snarling at each other. People who have made ocean voyages often dwell upon the weariness which has overcome them at the sight of their fellow voyagers' countenances toward the end of a passage. This is a feeling which is aggravated a thousandfold amid the uncomfortable surroundings of a war vessel's forecastle, the hundreds of occupants of which are obliged to be constantly together for from one to three years. Each man becomes thoroughly aware of all his mates' little characteristics, and after awhile, whether these characteristics are good or bad, they jar upon him, if only on account of their monotony. Thus friction is generated, and it is for this reason that the crew of a man-of-war just returned to the United States after a three years' cruise in foreign waters is generally such a sour looking lot, even as concerns the officers aft, who become quite as sick of each other as do the men forward.

Hardly a day passes that there is not at least one scrap on board most men-of-war, with the promise of a heavier battle to follow. A bluejacket seats himself on another's ditty box, and, on being roughly ordered by the box's owner to vacate, he refuses and consigns the owner to a much less moist place than Davy Jones' locker. The men come together, two or three blows are exchanged, and then, as by common consent, each man draws away, both feeling that the "jimmy legs" (i. e., the master at arms) is not far distant and neither caring for a trick in the "brig." Having thus become involved in the minor fistic argument of the deck, the two bluejackets are looked to by the entire ship's company to bring their affair to a satisfactory conclusion. The mere exchange of growls between the two men doesn't go. "Pipe down there, ye men-of-war chaws, and settle the thing right," is the general remark hurled at them by all hands when they meet in mere contests of cuss words, and the sailor who is considered to be the aggrieved man is watched carefully to see if he makes any preliminary moves toward arranging a regular fight. He almost always does.

Nearly all the regular fights between bluejackets aboard ship are pulled off down below in one of the firerooms or in an empty bunker. The empty bunker is preferred on account of its greater isolation. When a fight is to come off between two bluejackets below, all hands know all about it, often including the master at arms himself, but very few of the men, unless they are intimates of the combatants, expect invitations to the fray. There is not room in a bunker for more than half a dozen friends of each man, and even with this number the space is rather contracted.

With a second each and a referee agreed upon by both, the men, stripped naked to the waist, go at it. The fights are not of the rough and tumble order. The men fight according to regular prize ring rules, and their shipmates are present to see that the rules are complied with. As many as 50 rounds are sometimes fought. Ordinarily one of the men goes under by the time the tenth round is called. If the men are unequally matched and one of them is getting palpably the worst of it, all hands in the bunker agree that the thing should stop, and it does stop. If the contestants are about of a sort, the fight is carried on to the end, until a knockout blow is planted by one of them or both are too weak to go on. At the conclusion of the fight the onlookers quietly depart from the bunker and ascend to the deck by different engine room ladders, so as not to attract the attention of the officer of the deck.

Both men generally get pretty thoroughly mauled and bruised up in these bunker fights, and when the battle is over they jump into their uniforms and repair to the sick bay to get themselves patched up with arnica, court plaster, etc. The surgeon knows at a glance what ails them, but for the sake of form he asks them what the trouble is. They have both fallen down a ladder. Both at the same time? No, sir; they fell down different ladders. "That's curious!" murmurs the surgeon, with a smile and a faraway look in his eyes, scribbling an account of their injuries in his record, and then he orders the apothecary to dress their wounds.—Washington Star.

Long Wait.

"Grandpa, how old are you?"

"I am 87 years old, my dear."

"Then you were born 80 years before I was. What a long time you had alone waiting for me!"—Philadelphia Times.

That army chaplaincies continue to be very alluring to the clerical mind is indicated by the fact that nearly 300 ministers applied to the federal government for appointment to a single vacancy that recently occurred

TELLS A LONG STORY.

A Granite Monument at Antietam Recalls a Family History.

Major Kingsbury had a daughter as well as the son who fell at Antietam. The daughter married Simon Bolivar Buckner of Kentucky some time before the war. When General Buckner decided to go with the Confederacy, the danger of confiscation of his wife's interest in the Chicago estate confronted him. A family council resulted in the transfer of Mrs. Buckner's property to her brother. Colonel Kingsbury fell in battle without leaving a will to protect his sister's inheritance. When the war closed, the return of Mrs. Buckner's interest in her father's estate was asked for in behalf of her children. Mrs. Kingsbury declined to concede it. She claimed all that had been left in her husband's name for her son and herself. Litigation followed and dragged along for years. Major Kingsbury's 40 acres were in the heart of Chicago when the fire occurred.

In the years immediately following the war Washington had few women more talked about than the beautiful widows, Mrs. Becky Jones and Mrs. Kingsbury, the nieces of an ex-president of the United States. Mrs. Kingsbury became the wife of Gallatin Lawrence, son of one of the wealthiest manufacturers in Rhode Island. Gallatin Lawrence had chosen a diplomatic career. He was sent to Costa Rica as minister. When he came back, society at the capital had a great sensation over the talk of a duel between Minister Lawrence and Captain von der Hass of the Belgian legation because of the captain's attentions to the beautiful Mrs. Lawrence. The Belgian sailed for Europe. So did Mrs. Lawence. Gallatin Lawrence followed. There was a duel and then a divorce case. Von der Hass went to Egypt. Mrs. Lawrence went there too. Gallatin Lawrence returned to the States.

The son of Colonel Kingsbury was sent to Oxford. His inheritance was cut in two by a decision restoring to her heirs Mrs. Buckner's share in the 40 acres. One day young Kingsbury came home from Oxford, bringing a college friend. Between the English student and Mrs. Lawrence an attachment quickly developed. Mrs. Lawrence was twice the age of her son's chum. She married him and is, or was the last that friends in this country learned, living with him abroad. Kingsbury married a Levantine, and he, too, is in a foreign country. The fortune acquired through the Chicago investment has been much reduced. Mrs. Becky Jones, after a long career in Washington, traveled extensively and settled in Canada, where she is still living, by all accounts. This is the complicated sequel, briefly told, of the events which the granite monument above the stone bridge at Antietam commemorates.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The African Piano.

Among the musical instruments used on the Congo we notice the long and short drum. Some drums are used to beat the time of the dance. Some other drums are used as telephones for the transmission of messages to neighboring villages. The stringed instruments represent the African harp. The ivory horns are used for the convocation of popular assemblies. The double bell is used to call the attention of the people to some proclamation of the chief. The Africans everywhere are very musical, but their music does not always suit European taste.

The African dance is not always indulged in for amusement alone. Dancing enters into some of the most solemn ceremonies, as, for instance, the inauguration of a new king. Then the chief elect of the tribe dances very gravely before the assembled elders and the people.

The madimba had been called the African piano. It is made of calabashes of graded sizes, which are surmounted by boards, of graded sizes also, all being attached to a semicircular frame. Each board represents a note or half tone and emits its appointed sound when struck by one of the two rubber balls at the ends of two sticks, which are cleverly handled by the musician. While almost every native can beat the drum or play some of the minor musical instruments, the playing of the madimba is an art which only a few specialists learn. They must be paid for playing at festivities or ceremonies, and their art supports them, either partly or entirely.—Journal of American Folk Lore.

The Key of Sheridan's Success.

General Horace Porter, in his "Campaigning With Grant," in The Century, says, after describing the battle of Five Forks:

Sheridan had that day fought one of the most interesting tactical battles of the war, admirable in conception, brilliant in execution, strikingly dramatic in its incidents and productive of extremely important results.

I said to him, "It seems to me that you have exposed yourself today in a manner hardly justifiable on the part of a commander of such an important movement." His reply gave what seems to be the true key to his uniform success on the field, "I have never in my life taken a command into battle and had the slightest desire to come out alive unless I won."

Facing the Music.

The spirit of this simile is used by John Bunyan in the meditation "Of the Horse and Drum," in his "Book For Boys and Girls; or, Country Rhymes For Children," published in 1686. Of the genuine Christian he says, inter alia:

Let drummers beat the charge or what they will,
They'll nose them, face them, keep their places still.

—Notes and Queries.

In some parts of South Africa much damage is done by baboons, which go in large marauding parties to rob gardens.

MACARONI, ACCORDING TO MARIA DA PRATO.

Sweet macaroni, you must softly simmer
In savory bouillon till you're soft and mellow.
Then, blended like the notes of flute and 'cello,
The cheese is sprinkled—parmesan's bright glimmer,
With gruyere grated, unctuous and dimmer,
The whole a wondrous symphony in yellow,
At last served steaming to some lucky fellow,
With red tomato essence for a trimmer.

Such was ambrosia that the gods invented
For feasts Olympian, crowned with nectar thirst.
Great Jupiter himself essayed it first,
Then passed the dish, and Juno was contented.
Double faced Janus, off guard for the nonce,
Partook of it. He had two plates at once!
—Henry Tyrrell in New York Sun.

REACHED FAME AT A BOUND.

How the Famous Dialect Novelist Made His First Hit.

The man who had sprung into sudden prominence in the literary world had grown a trifle reminiscent under the influence of a good cigar and a small bottle, and one of the members of the party decided that there could be no better time to get the story of his remarkable success.

"I do not recall that any one ever became more suddenly famous in the literary world than you," suggested the curious one.

"I imagine that I came very close to breaking a record," replied the literary light.

"One day you were unknown, and the next day every literary critic in the country was singing your praise and people were standing in line to buy your books," continued the curious one.

"Quite true," admitted the literary light. "My reputation was made by a single story, and that story might be called an accident."

"That's what I want to get at," explained the curious one. "I want to hear the story of that story. Where did you get the idea and what impelled you to write it? What was your inspiration?"

The literary light laughed and reached for his glass.

"The secret of that story is soon told," he said as soon as the glass was empty. "You see, I had a typewriter."

"Young and pretty?" they all broke in.

"Machine, not operator," explained the literary light. "Machine was all I could afford at that time, and I had to get that on the installment plan. I ran it myself, you know."

"Well? Go on."

"One day I thoughtlessly went out without putting the cover on it, and my 5-year-old boy got at it."

"Couldn't run it, could he?" they asked.

"Of course not, but I'd let him help me put the paper in and take it out until he had mastered that much of the operation of the machine, and as the click of it pleased him and there was no one there to stop him he hammered away at it for about two hours."

"But what has that to do with your story?"

"That was the story," answered the literary light. "When I saw what he had done, I gatherred the pages together, numbered them, got up a title and sent the whole thing to a leading magazine with a note saying that it was a dialect story of a Scotch-Welsh settlement that got mixed up with the Dutch in South Africa, and—well, I haven't had to do a thing since then except buy typewriters for the boy. He's a little bit rough at times, but so long as he doesn't smash over one machine a month I can afford it."—Chicago Post.

Striking Effect of Climate.

Occasionally an eloquent testimonial to the virtues of a "health resort" fails to find a place in the printed matter sent out by the hotel keepers or others interested in the prosperity of the place.

A railway president who had gone to one of the summer resorts of the northwest to spend a few weeks was sitting on the veranda of a hotel enjoying the lake scenery and his cigar when he was accosted by a resident "boomer" with the remark:

"You'll find the air here full of ozone, sir. You'll sleep like a log. Before you have been here a week you will gain ten pounds or I miss my guess, and I'm generally right."

"I don't doubt it," replied the railway magnate. "I gained eight pounds the very first day."

"That beats the record," said the 'boomer,' slightly dazed, but recovering himself promptly, "though I've known instances almost equal to it."

"Yes," rejoined the other, "eight pounds. I weighed myself on a nickel in the slot machine at the railway station when I landed here, and the indicator pointed to 157. An hour later I stepped on the same kind of machine at the hotel, and the figure was 165. Gain of eight pounds in 60 minutes, sir, and I hadn't eaten a bite. Hadn't done anything but breathe this wonderful air. Never saw anything like it. Marvelous climate, sir—simply marvelous. And all it cost me was 10 cents."—Youth's Companion.

She Found Out.

A Boston lady stood on the deck of the little bump nosed Ocklawaha steamer in Florida, notebook and lorgnette in hand, asking ponderous questions of a darky roustabout.

"Is the alligator amphibious?" was one of her questions.

The darky scratched his head. He was a bit puzzled, as there had been more corn pone than dictionary in his bringing up, but his quick wit and natural logic did not desert him as he replied:

"I reckon he am, miss'. He done bite yo' shuah ef yo' monkey wid him."—New Orleans Picayune.

The Plural.

Boarding School Teacher—And now, Edith, tell me the plural of baby.

Edith (promptly)—Twins.—Pick Me Up.

ENGLISH INNKEEPERS.

Said to Be Mainly Boors Who Treat Patrons as Intruders.

If your pocketbook allows or fate or the desire to see the country compels you to remain in England, there are parts where you can ride on your wheel with great satisfaction and at great expense. Nothing could be more beautiful than the midlands, lovelier than the counties that surround London, but westward go no farther than Bristol or Truro, northward than Chester, avoiding Manchester—that is, unless you mean to go still farther north into Scotland, which at times will repay your enterprise. The southwest is largely to be avoided. Cornwall and Devon have the worst roads in civilized Europe—in fact, the roads and inns explain that the country is not and never has been civilized. In the inns you are often treated as an intruder, and sometimes cheated in a fashion that would bring a blush to the cheek of a Swiss landlord, for the emptiness of the larder the bill makes up in lavishness. There is hardly anything to eat save cream, but for that and salt bacon and ancient eggs you are asked to pay as much as for a good dinner at the Cafe Royal. The innkeepers are mainly boors.

As for the roads, they go straight to the top of all the hills, as uncompromisingly as the roads of Bohemia, then drop down the other side and are unridable in both directions. When not climbing precipitately, they lie buried at the bottom of a ditch. They are shadeless and uninteresting, rarely approaching the seacoast or passing near anything that is worth looking at, and yet we know Englishmen who are profoundly impressed with the belief that they are the best in England, and therefore in the world. The roads, inns and innkeepers of Scotland are in every way better, but the fact that the average Briton spends his holiday on the continent when he can proves not only that he wants to get there, but also that he is driven from his own country by the shortsightedness of the people who keep its inns and look after its roads.—Mr. and Mrs. Pennell in Fortnightly Review.

ANCIENT MEDICAL METHODS

The Manner of Doctors' Consultations In the Fourteenth Century.

Coming to Mondeville's exposition of the method of holding a discussion, we find his description almost a story of what might take place today. "First," he says, "we should inquire into the nature of the disease, examining carefully and feeling, because the diagnosis is made by touching with the hand and observing with the eye. All the consultants engage in turn in the examination. Then, if the case demands it, they make a new examination all together, pointing out to one another the symptoms of disease and the special or remarkable features either in the patient or the disease. Then one of them, the highest in rank, says to the patient, 'Sir, we perceive very clearly what is the matter with you, and you ought to have full confidence in us and be glad that there are so many of us here and such doctors—enough for a king—and to believe that the youngest of us is competent to prescribe and carry on your treatment and bring it to a good result.' Then he interrogates the patient about the circumstances of his attack, 'Sir, do not be displeased or take it ill, but when did your illness begin?' following this with many other questions, the answers to which are recorded as indications furnished by the patient.

"When all the questions called for by the case have been asked, the consultants retire to another room, where they will be alone, for in all consultations the masters dispute with one another in order the better to discuss the truth, and sometimes they come to a pass in the heat of discussion which would cause strangers witnessing their proceeding to suppose there were discord and strife among them. This is sometimes the case."—"Fourteenth Century Doctors," by M. E. Nicaise, in Popular Science Monthly.

Mozart's Method.

Mozart's method of composition was such as could only have been pursued by a child of genius. He would rise early, eat a hearty breakfast and then stroll for several hours in a forest near his home, where, inspired by nature's beauties, heavenly melodies came trooping through his brain. Repairing to his cottage, he would summon his wife, a very witty woman, and bid her tell him stories. He would then mount his high stool and proceed to commit these inspirations to paper, his wife telling him jokes and funny stories while he wrote. These he enjoyed immensely, frequently interrupting her with hearty bursts of laughter and sometimes even falling from the stool and rolling on the floor. But amid all this hilarity and uproar the flow of music which was to move the world went steadily on. His productions were wrought without the least thought or study, but came almost unbidden "direct from heaven." Like Shakespeare, he was purely the creature of inspiration, a genius of the highest order.—C. C. Hieatt in Housekeeper.

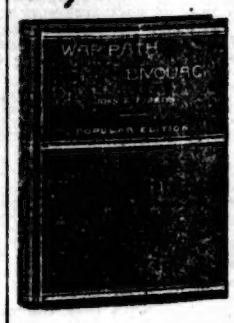
Remote Ancestry.

"It has long been supposed," says The Outlook, "that the most startling genealogical claim is that of the negus of Abyssinia, who insists that his descent has been in a straight line from the union of Solomon with the queen of Sheba, but some one has discovered a noble family in France, the counts of Noe, who not only claim Noah as their remote ancestor, but show on their family blazon that veteran seaman in the ark."

Laying Bricks.

A bricklayer can lay about 1,500 or 1,600 bricks in a day of 10 hours where the joints are left rough, about 1,000 per day when both faces have to be worked fair and not more than 500 a day when carefully jointed and faced with picked bricks of a uniform color.—Exchange.

War Path and Bivouac;



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Wise Guidance Needed For the Youth Who Is Leaving Childhood Behind.

"There is something pathetic in the struggle of the child to cast aside its child nature and put on the nature of manhood and womanhood," writes Florence Hull Winterburn in The Woman's Home Companion. "He is beset internally by misgivings even while he is urged on by ambition. He wants he scarce knows what, but something new and never before possessed. Perhaps, in a nutshell, the great desire of his soul is to be left somewhat to himself, yet with sympathy within call, and to be trusted. It is a great evidence of tact now for the mother or father to say, with a kind smile: 'Do what you think best about this matter, my son. You are old enough to judge what is right.' Happy responsibility! Delightful confidence! Influence is never stronger than when it withdraws slightly into the background, leaving its object apparently free. A good deal is said nowadays about the extraordinary freedom our children have. Seemingly it is so, but looking here and there an observer notes little real change among the average people.

"A young friend of mine whose happy married life has not yet driven from her memory a cramped and imbittered youth confided to me that the one idea that haunted her from 8 to 18 was that of running away from home. If she had been less conscientious, a little more reckless, what a gulf of ruin her innocent feet might have plunged into to escape the intolerable nagging and interference she was subject to in her father's house!

"We little know what effect our thoughtless and meaningless words of comment and chiding for every small matter that goes wrong produce upon the half grown girl and boy. They are apt to be reserved and to become sullen under restraints they dislike, and when this sullen attitude once sets in we may say farewell to all confidential intercourse between parent and child. To avert such an evil we will do well to apply all our powers of tact and kindness. Let us avoid arousing the spirit of perverseness that stirs in every young creature at this period of life, and, by enlarging his opportunities for action as his ambition extends, soothe any budding revolutionary ideas and inspire in him the trust and confidence in parental benevolence that will be his safeguard when he needs advice and assistance, for youth never stands in deeper need of wise guidance than at this time when there is a desire to dispense with it. But the guidance must be so wise, so tactful, so gentle, that even the most independent young soul will feel that love, and not force, is the motive power that draws him toward what is best, and that he is restrained by nothing except his own honor and trained sense of right."

POLITENESS NOT WANTED.

In the Case of the Elevator Man It Should Be Discouraged.

In view of the fact that the various petty employees of large corporations are usually not overburdened with politeness or consideration for the public, the complaint recently made against a passenger elevator man seems remarkable. It was alleged that the man was "too polite for safety." The man who was the subject of the complaint did what hundreds of elevator men do. When the elevator gets to the ground floor, the conductor usually steps out of the car to get a whiff of fresh air, to say a word to the hallman or possibly make inquiry about the ball game.

The hallman or starter shouts "Going up!" to the people coming into the hall, and the elevator man stands in front of the cage and politely asks his passengers to "step in," while he remains on the outside until the starter shouts "L right!" Then he cuts his sentence short, steps into the cage, starts the elevator and slams the door after the ascent has begun.

Most persons "step in" when asked to do so, but occasionally a man with an eye to self preservation refuses to do so, and one of that class made the complaint. The man who insists on the elevator man being in the car before he will go in is usually looked upon by the man of many ups and downs as foolishly careful, but owners of buildings who are held responsible for the safety of their tenants while riding in the elevators are pleased to see them firm on that point. It may look well for a uniformed man to step aside and ask the passengers to precede him into the elevator cage, but many persons will agree with the man who made the complaint that it is a case of politeness which should be discouraged in the interest of safety.—New York Tribune.

Horse Model Makers.

"Making full sized models of horses is quite a distinct and well paid business, the models for the whole world almost being made in London," said the manager of a great firm of carriage builders in Long Acre.

"There is scarcely a considerable carriage builder or dealer anywhere who has not in his shop or warehouse one or more full sized models of horses (we and some other firms have respectively several such models always), which are not only used as a mere attraction, but are also, being movable, put into different sets of shafts, so as to show customers how a complete turnout will look.

"Then, again, extra good models are made for exhibitions, shows and the like, and many of the best harness makers in all countries keep them in their shops for trying on purposes.

"I have given as much as 60 and 70 guineas for a good model, but of course the general run of these things costs far less, except for exhibition purposes. I have seen models made of the skin of a real horse, but the imitation variety is the rule. The men who make the models—quite artists in their way, some of them—are also the sellers, as a rule."—Pearson's Weekly.

A Good Story of Sheridan.

Sheridan once had occasion to call at a hairdresser's to order a wig. On being measured, the barber, who was a liberal soul, invited the orator to take some refreshment in an inner room. Here he regaled him with a bottle of port and showed so much hospitality that Sheridan's heart was touched.

When they rose from the table and were about separating, the latter, looking the barber full in the face, said, "On reflecting, I don't intend that you shall make my wig."

Astonished and with a blank visage, the other exclaimed: "Good heavens, Mr. Sheridan! How can I have displeased you?"

"Why, look you," said Sheridan, "you are an honest fellow, and, I repeat it, you shan't make my wig, for I never intended to pay for it. I'll go to another less worthy son of the craft."—Liverpool Mercury.

Spoiled Pleasure.

Mrs. Meyer—What's the trouble, Mrs. Schulz? You are in bad humor this morning.

Mrs. Schulz—You see, my husband staid at the club every night last week until after midnight. Last night I sat up, determined to give him a curtain lecture, when he got in late. And what do you think? The fool came home at 9 o'clock.—Fliegende Blatter.

Apoplexy has increased in England in a very remarkable degree since 1850. In the 16 years ending with 1866 there were 457 deaths from apoplexy per 1,000,000 inhabitants. Last year the ratio was 577 per 1,000,000.

The eruption of Etna has entirely destroyed the chestnut woods on the mountain slopes, the trees being devastated by the lava.

ENGLISH LAWYERS.

The Small Fees That Are Received by the London Barristers.

A barrister's fees are small, and they are always paid in advance, and the sum is accorded under the title of the brief. A friend who has a large practice showed me his feebook yesterday. The largest item was 38 guineas, which is less than $200. The average was about $50. Fees are regulated by the benchers of the inn according to the service performed, and no contingent fees are allowed. A barrister may accept a case for nothing or return the fee in cases of charity, but he cannot without violating his oath, directly or indirectly, accept any greater compensation for a legal service than is allowed in the regular schedule fixed by the benchers of his inn. If he does so, he is debarred from practice.

It is a common custom in America for a lawyer to undertake a suit for the recovery of damages or a claim of any kind with a contract that he shall receive a certain percentage of the amount of money recovered. In England such an act would be considered disreputable, and any barrister found guilty would be expelled from his inn. The fees are regulated by the amount of time and labor required, and not by the amount of money involved. A barrister may receive a fee of $250 in a case involving only $500, and he may receive a fee of $25 in a case involving $1,000,000.

All legal business originates with solicitors. They bring to the barrister's office a case all prepared after certain forms and written in manuscript. The British courts do not permit typewriting. The solicitor requests the barrister to undertake the case, and the fee is marked plainly upon the brief. If the barrister does not care to undertake the labor for the amount of money allowed or for any other reason, he advises the solicitor to go elsewhere. If he accepts the responsibility, the solicitor leaves the amount of the fee in coin with the brief, so that the barrister has his pay in advance. This is the almost invariable custom. The only exceptions are in cases of close friendship between the solicitors and barristers and where there is a large amount of litigation in which both are involved. Then it is customary for the barrister to make up his bill at the end of the month or the end of the quarter, but the fee in each case must nevertheless be written upon the brief and recorded in the books of the court.

It is customary, also, for the solicitor to leave a fee for the barrister's clerk at the same time, which must be a certain percentage of that paid to the barrister. When you dine at a hotel or a restaurant in England, it is customary to tip the waiter an amount equal to 5 per cent of your bill for the same reason. The waiter receives no compensation from his employer, nor does the barrister's clerk. His pay comes entirely from the clients, and if his principal has no clients he gets no pay. On the other hand, if his principal has a very large and profitable practice his fees are enormous. They say that the clerk of Sir Charles Russell lives in a handsome villa down in the suburbs, is driven to and from his office in a brougham and hires a box at the opera for the season.—Chicago Record.

No More of It For Him.

He entered the shop of a fashionable bootmaker, a look of determination on his face. It was such a look as one sees on the face of a man who is firmly resolved to carry out, at all hazards, a decision which will change the whole course of his life.

"H'm!" he began as the assistant stepped forward and politely questioned him as to his requirements in feet beautifiers. "I want a pair of shoes for my wife, Mrs. Brown."

"Yes, sir, certainly," said the young man briskly. "Same style and size as last week?"

"Same style. Size, fives—wide fives," replied Brown decidedly.

"But—er—excuse me. Mrs. Brown only takes—that is, she usually has 3½," exclaimed the assistant, who knew the lady well.

"Are you married, young man?" queried Brown sternly, the look of determination deepening on his careworn features.

"Er—not yet, sir," answered the shopman, blushing.

"I thought not," returned Brown. "I am! I am not going to suffer half an hour's purgatory every morning, watching a woman trying to squeeze a bushel of feet into a peck of boots. I've stood it long enough, and I'm going to take her a pair that will fit."—Pearson's Weekly.

Making Things Clear.

An old Peebles worthy and an English lady were one day recently occupants of a railway carriage in an Edinburgh bound train. The train had been waiting long at a certain station, and there was no appearance of its starting when the worthy remarked, "They're a gey taiglesome lot here."

"I beg your pardon," said the lady.

"I'm sayin they're an awfu' daidlin squad here," said the old fellow.

"I really beg your pardon, sir," she rejoined.

"I'm remarkin they're a vera dreich lot here the nicht," the old gentleman further ventured.

"Really, I must again beg your pardon," said the lady, with marked embarrassment, "but I do not comprehend you."

"I was just trying to say the train was late," he finally blurted.

"Indeed, sir, it is very late," agreed the lady.

And the conversation collapsed.—Dundee News.

Good Looks Go a Great Way.

"Miss Highsee is a beautiful singer, isn't she?"

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Vice-President, Robert J. Williams.
Recording Secretary, P. J. Dineen, 2184 W. Lake st.
Financial Secretary, John Ryan, 75 Lytle st.
Treasurer, Peter O'Neill.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays at 2160 W. Lake st. at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 19.

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Vice-President, Thomas O'Shea.
Recording Secretary, Michael Kiniry, 3758 Butler st.
Financial Secretary, Thomas J. Waldron, 3831 LaSalle st.
Treasurer, Michael Kennedy.
Meets First Thursday each month in Qualey's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st., at 8 p. m.

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President, J. J. Lamb, 603 Thirty-first st.
Vice-President, John O'Connor.
Recording Secretary, M. Sullivan, 2801 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, P. McDonald, 551 Twenty-eighth st.
Treasurer, M. D. O'Grady.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays at Twenty-ninth st. and Union av. at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 21.

President, Ed O'Connor, 1256 N. Robey st.
Vice-President, Barney Leonsard.
Recording Secretary, Owen Graham, 1191 Clybourn av.
Financial Secretary, James Gayer, 1853 N. Seeley av.
Treasurer, Patrick McGowan.
Meets Second and Fourth Friday in Keuhl's hall, Clybourn and Ashland ave., at 8 p. m.

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President, T. H. Flanegan, Lemont, Ill.
Vice-President, James Redmond.
Recording Secretary, Ed O'Donnell, Lemont, Ill.
Financial Secretary, John McGaulley, Lemont, Ill.
Treasurer, James Noonan.
Meets First Sunday each month in School hall, Lemont, Ill., at 2:30 p. m.

DIVISION 23.

President, W. J. Doherty, 1253 West Forty-seventh st.
Vice-President, John McGeoghehan.
Recording Secretary, P. J. O'Brien, 4951 Wood st.
Financial Secretary, James Buckley, 822 W. Forty-eighth st.
Treasurer, Patrick Grace.
Meets First Sunday each month at 4650 Ashland av., at 3 p. m.

DIVISION 24.

President, J. W. Farley, LaGrange, Ill.
Vice-President, M. Galvin.
Recording Secretary, W. T. Ryan, Lyons.
Financial Secretary, T. W. Breen, LaGrange.
Treasurer, Patrick Close.
Meets First Monday each month in Grand Army hall, LaGrange, Ill., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 25.

President, William Mulligan, 723 W. Twenty-second st.
Vice-Poesident, Timothy Dunn.
Recording Secretary, Thomas Healton, 1103 Blue Island av.
Financial Secretary, James Egan, 111 West Twenty-fifth st.
Treasurer, Joseph O'Brien.
Meets First Tuesday at 8 p. m. and Third Sunday at 2 p. m. in Flanagan's hall, Twenty-second and Robey sts.

DIVISION 26.

President, P. J. Reynolds, 5411 Dearborn st.
Vice-President, Dennis Lynch.
Recording Secretary, Hugh McNally, 347 Bristol st.
Financial Secretary, Patrick O'Neill, 532 Dearborn st.
Treasurer, Lawrence Reynolds.
Meets 2d Saturday each month in Schell's hall, Fifty-first st. and Wentworth av., 8 p. m.

DIVISION 27

President, John Bigane, 1974 Thirty-ninth st.
Vice-President, P. J. Morgan.
Recording Secretary, David Brodrick, 3923 Hart st.
Financial Secretary, Michael Larney, Archer and Western avs.
Treasurer, John Larney.
Meets First Saturday each month in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 28.

President, F. T. Nichol, 343 Hastings st.
Vice-President, John Flanagan.
Recording Secretary, Ed Quinn, 1457 West Congress st.
Financial Secretary, Martin O'Mara, 143 Lytle st.
Treasurer, William Ryan.
Meets First and Third Wednesday in DeSoto hall, 1292 W. VanBuren st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 29.

President, Patrick Keyes, Kensington.
Vice-President, Daniel Galvin.
Recording Secretary, William Byrne, Box 1329, Pullman, Ill.
Financial Secretary, P. J. Tully, Pullman.
Treasurer, Charles Corkery.
Meets First and Fourth Tuesdays in Holy Rosary church basement at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 30.

President, Thos. Heelan, 10810 Calhoun av.
Vice-President, J. O'Keefe.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Kerr, 10808 Torrence av.
Financial Secretary, John Conlin.
Treasurer, C. Duffy.
Meets Third Sunday each month in Link's hall, 10716 Torrence av., at 2 p. m.

DIVISION 31.

President, P. C. Desmond, 641 Park av.
Vice-President, James O'Neill.
Recording Secretary, A. J. Malone, 253 Walnut st.
Financial Secretary, Arthur Maguire, Park and Oakley avs.
Treasurer, Peter Kennedy.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays in Conway's hall, N. E. corner Lake st. and Western av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 33.

President, William Cunnea, 5630 Drexel av
Vice-President, Patrick Ryan.
Recording Secretary, Thomas Clifford, 6710 Evans av.
Financial Secretary, John Foley.
Treasurer, C. Fitzgerald.
Meets First and Third Tuesdays in Forester's hall, 6512 Cottage Grove av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 34.

President, Miles McPadden, 236 S. Sangamon st.
Vice-President, John Slattery.
Recording Sec'y, E. J. Rice, 395 Fulton st.
Financial Sec'y, M. J. O'Shea, 401 Washington boulevard.
Treasurer, Michael Moore.
Meets Second Saturday at 8 p.m. and Fourth Sunday at 3 p. m. in Doherty's hall, 446 West Twelfth st.

DIVISION 35.

President, John T. Sheehan, 928 38th st.
Vice-President, M. J. O'Brien.
Recording Secretary, James Gannon, 3057 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Gorman.
Treasurer, Michael Kavanaugh.
Meets First Wednesday in Columbia hall Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 36.

President, J. T. Keating, 5610 Jackson av.
Vice-President, John J. Dwyer.
Recording Secretary, Thomas H. Ryan, 624 Addison av.
Financial Secretary, Michael P. Breen, 3 Fifty-fifth st.
Treasurer, Andrew Ledwidge.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays in Bagley's hall, 192 Fifty-fifth st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 37.

President, John P. Dohney, 6339 Honore st.
Vice-President, James McInerney.
Recording Secretary, John P. Dineen, 6428 Morgan st.
Financial Sec'y, M. H. Hoey, 6546 Union av.
Treasurer, John R. McNamara.
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